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LITERATURE.

A History of London. By W. J. Loftie. In 2 vols. (Stanford.)

IN face of the fact that books on London are continually being published, it may seem a strange assertion that the history of our great city has been much neglected of late years; but it is none the less true. This is easily accounted for, because few writers would like now to revive the old beliefs about Troynovant and Brute, which have done duty for so many centuries; and it is far easier to tell amusing stories of the inhabitants of the various houses than to digest the scattered information on the history of London which has been collected by such scholars as the late Dr. Guest, the late Mr. Riley, Mr. Roach Smith, Dr. Stubbs, and others. Mr. Loftie has now taken the matter in hand, and the result is a book of the greatest value to all interested in the subject.

Unfortunately, when we sweep away the brilliant descriptions of Geoffrey of Monmouth, we are left to piece together some disjointed facts which do not always fit in very well together. Mr. Loftie writes:—

"The historian cannot but shrink from seeing his pages abundantly sprinkled with such words as 'possibly,' 'perhaps,' 'in all probability;' and yet, when I come to look at the passages in which I have been minded to express myself with a fair measure of certainty, I regret to observe that in each case an alternative story may be, or has been, put forward. If I have succeeded at all, it is only in showing how very little we know about the early history of the city."

Although, however, the early history of London is largely made up of conjectures, there is this satisfactory point about it, that the conjectures are founded upon some very firm ground laid down by first-rate antiquaries. We are told of the site—a subject treated by Mr. Loftie, some years ago, in a magazine article entitled "London before the Houses," which attracted some attention at the time. That there ever was a British London is a disputed point; and Dr. Guest went so far as to affirm that the notion is inconsistent with all we know of the early geography of this part of Britain, and the late Mr. J. R. Green expressed the same opinion in *The Making of England*. But Mr. Loftie allows that the old Celtic chieftain of the district may have placed his fortified cattle-pen here long before the coming of the Romans. The name is evidently of British origin, and this says much for the belief that the Romans found the site already occupied when they conquered the country. Farther than this it is scarcely safe to go. If such a word as "Llyn-din" ever existed, which has

not been proved, it would probably mean "the lake of the fort," and not "the fort of the lake," because, as a rule, the qualifying term in Welsh compound words comes last instead of first, as in English. If the original name represented "the lake of the fort," it doubtless applied to a district rather than to a town. But the form of the name in the Welsh Triads is Llundain or Llundain (both spellings occur), and the last syllable here is probably something quite different from the conjectural "din." We may add that the fact recorded by Tacitus as to Londinium having become in the year 61 A.D. an important commercial centre goes far to prove that the city must then have had more than a few years' existence.

The Romans have left their mark on London which is not obliterated, and "full fathom five" their pavements and roads still remain. We know much of this period and the changes that the city must have undergone, but even here is a battle-field as to the extent of the original wall. We are not prepared to accept some of Mr. Loftie's conclusions with regard to the date of the various gates, but we have not space to say more on this point. The opinion has been very generally held that London had no bridge until many centuries after Roman times, but the evidence in favour of its existence at an early period is very strong; Mr. Loftie goes so far as to say that "it is the first ascertained fact in the history of Roman London." We are very apt to overlook the length of time during which the Romans occupied Britain, and to forget that then, as now, London was ever changing in size and appearance. A strong argument in favour of the opinion that the original Londinium must have been exceedingly small is to be found in the fact that remains of the dead have been discovered in many parts of the city that certainly were included in the later Londinium. We see, however, that Mr. Loftie does not take advantage of this argument, for he writes:—

"There were gardens, trees, and orchards, and among them, what was not to be seen in any other Roman town of the size, the tombs and monuments of the dead. The population was singularly careless in this respect, and the hand of the modern excavator sometimes comes upon the mosaic floor of a Roman villa with a portion of the later wall built across it and a grave underneath it."

We should need very strong evidence to accept the position that London formed an exception to all other Roman towns in respect to such an important matter as extra-mural interment. Mr. Loftie has no very exalted opinion of the magnificence of Roman London, and doubtless we are too apt to antedate the importance of the city. As to the existence of an amphitheatre we may mention (although it is merely a conjecture) Mr. Roach Smith's suggestion that outside Newgate there was an amphitheatre built into a hill on the rising ground, near what was lately the Little Old Bailey. That gentleman had often noticed the precipitous descent from Green Arbour Lane, opposite Newgate, into Seacoal Lane, and the level space by Fleet prison; and the presumption that this was an excavation in the side of the hill for the purpose of an amphitheatre is a very plausible one. The idea of a temple to

Diana on the site of St. Paul's finds no advocate in Mr. Loftie, who writes:

"Had Sir Christopher Wren known that, at the time this hill was first included within the walls of London, a Christian family was on the imperial throne, and that, although idolatry had not yet been expressly abolished, it was unlikely that any great heathen edifice would adorn the new city, he might have saved himself some trouble."

The materials for a history of Saxon London are most scanty, and one cannot but deeply regret that the Saxon chroniclers have left us ignorant of the period when the Saxons took possession of the city and the circumstances that preceded that event. The questions to which we require answers are numberless, such as, What was the condition of London after the Romans left it? Did the place continue to hold its position as a commercial centre? We read that, when Hengest and his son Æsc defeated the Britons at Crayford in 457, the Britons left Kent, and fled in terror to London. Then all is blank until 609, when we find the East Saxons in possession. Most other towns in the country were destroyed; but this does not appear to have been the case with London. Dr. Guest wrote: "Good reason may be given for the belief that even London itself for a while lay desolate and uninhabited." During Saxon times the city frequently changed rulers, which is not to be wondered at when we consider its exposed position in the midst of hostile kingdoms. When the Saxons became more united, a new source of danger arose in the constant raids of the Danes.

After the Conquest, the materials for the history of London become more abundant; and not only do we obtain from contemporaries particulars of the great events, but we are also told those little personal incidents which give interest to the drier details, and help us to construct a living narrative. The Normans rebuilt London, and made of it, probably for the first time, a really handsome city. Mr. Loftie has an interesting chapter on "London after the Conquest;" and then he finds himself able to break the thread of his narrative, and to deal more generally with representative subjects. Thus we find chapters on "The Struggle for Liberty," "The Rise of the Companies," "The Wards and the Companies," "The Bishop," "York and Lancaster in London," "Shakespeare's London." We then come to a chapter on the destroyers—"The War, the Plague, and the Fire"—which is followed by one on Wren the restorer. Few men have had such opportunities as Sir Christopher Wren, and still fewer have been able to use their opportunities so well. Mr. Loftie contrasts his opportunities with those of Inigo Jones, and the contrast is a very effective one. Here were the two greatest architects we have ever produced. Jones had little scope for his genius in London, and much of it was frittered away in preparing masques at Court; but Wren had a new city to construct. This work he did with consummate genius, and his churches will be the chief glory of the city as long as they are allowed to remain. It has, however, been left to the nineteenth century to destroy these churches; and, with the destruction of some, half the beauty of the

remainder has been destroyed. Whatever this great man (who was equally eminent as a philosopher and as an architect) did was treated by him as part of a whole, and symmetry is therefore the prevailing characteristic of all his work. The first volume concludes with a chapter on the Bank and another on the Corporation. This last is, we think, somewhat too political, and certainly too eulogistic of the action of the Corporation. There can be no doubt that the citizens were often factious in their opposition to the Court—as, for instance, when they made strenuous endeavours to stop the building of the Adelphi on the ground that the navigation of the Thames would be injured. The brothers Adam were Scotchmen, and had been patronised by the unpopular Lord Bute; hence the objection on the part of the City to this great improvement.

As the first volume is devoted to London proper, so the second deals with Westminster, the Tower Hamlets, and the northern, western, and southern suburbs. The greater part of this volume is more strictly topographical than the first volume, and Mr. Loftie has taken great pains to trace succinctly the origin and growth of the different suburbs. He says, in his Preface:—"I have in almost all cases tried to omit mere local gossip, unless it happened to be of a kind likely to illustrate the history, or had not been already noticed by other writers." He has managed to gather up much information in a very convenient form, and his chapter on the hamlets of Westminster is particularly interesting. Few pages in the history of this great agglomeration of houses are more worthy of careful treatment than those which deal with the gradual junction of the cities of London and Westminster. Mr. Loftie quotes an eminent authority to the effect that the derivation of Ludgate from the Fleet or Flood is "philologically impossible;" and so it certainly is. We quite agree with him that, until something more satisfactory than this is suggested, we must fall back upon the mythical King Lud. The growth of the city and its liberties has always been watched with jealous eyes by those outside the precincts; and at last the lords of the manors stopped any further encroachments upon their lands, so that it cannot well be said to be the fault of the Corporation that there are not more "wards without" than there are, or that those which do exist have not grown larger.

We have attempted to give some idea of the value and importance of the contents of this book, but it is not easy within the limits of an article to do anything like justice to the large field which its author has occupied. One of his chief claims to favour is that he has not copied from others, but has thought the matter out for himself. The reader may not always agree with the conclusions; but, as these are original, they are in every way worthy of mature consideration. This is a book which cannot be neglected by any student of London history. Mr. Loftie is very fair in the manner in which he speaks of those writers who have preceded him, but we must notice that he does injustice to Peter Cunningham's invaluable handbook. He refers in the Preface to the delightful

memoirs of Cunningham, Leigh Hunt, Jesse, and others, which he says "are entertaining to read; and, if they add very little to our real historical knowledge, they at least serve to keep alive an interest in scenes and places which might otherwise be passed by." Now, Cunningham's work does very largely add to our knowledge, and continues, and is likely long to continue, to be indispensable as a text-book of London topography. We must not omit to mention the maps and plans of London districts at different periods, which are numerous and most instructive. Some of them are copied from the scarce originals in the Crace Collection. HENRY B. WHEATLEY.

The Wisdom of Goethe. By John Stuart Blackie, Emeritus Professor of Greek in the University of Edinburgh. (Blackwood.)

PROF. BLACKIE (always Professor for us, though now wearing his title with a difference) rightly conceives of Goethe, not as an artist alone, nor as a critic alone, but as a master in the lore of noble living, a builder-up of the characters of men. The gainsayers are not those who are wholly ignorant, nor those who know Goethe sufficiently, but those who have a half-knowledge of him; who feel that he is strong; that, if they were to submit to his influence, Goethe might transform them into something—they know not what; and that therefore he is dangerous and to be dreaded. And dangerous he is, as every liberator—even though a liberator who brings us under a larger law—must be. One who has really known the touch of Goethe, who has felt his virtue in educing from each of us his truest self, who has learned with Goethe to fix his eyes upon high ends of human endeavour, and, renouncing self, to strive towards these through all obstructions and failures—such a one will understand the gainsayers, and cannot be very angry with them; only he will occasionally be surprised at the confidence with which many persons pronounce judgments on matters about which they are far less than half informed.

Prof. Blackie's interesting "Estimate of the Character of Goethe" prefixed to his *Selections* is, in the main, just and large in its grasp of truth, but the writer's perverid genius now and again carries him beyond the bounds, and some of his statements are open to dispute. It might have been frankly admitted that, through a certain lack of courage in giving and receiving pain, Goethe, after his return from Italy and the meeting with his future wife, did wrong to one with whom he had contracted moral obligations only to be cancelled with life. It was inevitable, after the Italian journey, that Goethe's relations with Frau von Stein should be placed upon a new footing. The high-pitched rapture of the early Weimar years could not subsist for ever; a good work had been wrought in him by his friend, and its issue was that now he had become master of himself and ruler of his own destiny. All those

"Desires and Adorations,
Winged Persuasions and veiled Destinies,
Splendours and Glooms"

which had gathered and hidden themselves in

his love of Frau von Stein took definite shape under the influence of Italian art and the study of natural science as adult purposes having reference to high unpersonal ends—ends of the artist and of the student of nature; while, "just for the obvious human bliss," there was the "bonnie lassie," as Prof. Blackie describes her, Christiane Vulpius. But, for the very reason that he was now the stronger of the two, Goethe should have acted with a more courageous tenderness towards Charlotte von Stein, who had transformed him from a boisterous youth of genius into a man, and who had parted with her own independence in serving him. At this critical juncture Goethe failed; and the cause of his failure was that shrinking from pain and from fatigue of heart which is a common characteristic of rich natures, and which Goethe partly inherited from his mother and partly cultivated as of service in economising emotional power.

We may question a statement of Prof. Blackie's here and a statement there. The essential thing is that he is right in the main, and that he adds ardour of feeling to justness of view. No fair-minded reader, not already pledged to the assertions of prejudice or half-knowledge, can read the admirable words of Goethe on life, character, morals, religion, politics, philosophy, science, art, education, which Prof. Blackie has set forth, without perceiving that these words are not manufactured, but have grown out of the life of one whose vision of truth was wide and clear, whose will was strenuous and set on worthy ends, and whose heart was kind and sane. A reader who has made this book his own will be disposed to enter on the study of Goethe in that spirit of trust to which alone the secrets of a master's mind are shown. It is evident that in this country we are about to advance to a new stage of Goethe scholarship—the exact study of the man and his total work, to which England has as yet contributed but little. The promised translation of *Goethe's Life* by Düntzer will do something to make the facts understood, and much more will follow. Meanwhile, besides imparting its own gift of wisdom, the present volume cannot but do excellent service in predisposing readers to attend to teaching that is to come.

It is to be regretted that Prof. Blackie has not given references to his selections; only an accomplished Goethe student can place each passage *in situ* as he goes along. Much of the lore of life given in these pages belongs to Goethe's elder years. Perhaps the highest lessons can be gained only by following the growth of Goethe's character from its period of intemperate ardour through the years of self-surrendering toil, and of wise renunciation to his illuminated old age. When Goethe returned from Italy, he seemed to some of his friends to have grown cold; and certain of his critics date from that year a cooling down of his genius. The truth is, he had drawn himself together, he had concentrated his energies, he had amassed his scattered fervours; and his strong, regulated earnestness henceforth resisted and threw off alien influences of the day and hour; he was a runner who saw the goal, who kept his breath, and would not turn aside.

To say that Goethe made grave mistakes, to say that he stumbled and fell, that he wronged others and wronged himself, is to say that he lived much and was a man. No one can go far without finding that life is a difficult affair; and probably he who lives least is likely to be the blameless one among us. It is easy to pass showy and superficial moral judgments on this or that passage in a great life. It is hard to deal out even-handed justice with the large yet delicate casuistry which experience and sympathy alone can give. The end crowns all. When we begin to perceive how difficult life is, we also begin to perceive that the last, the highest, the most enviable attainment for man is an illuminated old age. What nerve and muscle, what courage and craft, it takes to reach at last one of the Delectable Mountains—Mount Marvel or Mount Clear! But as the toil has been great, so is its reward—the wide outlook, the surprise of peace, the light-thrilled ether, the shining infinity overhead, the pity for human frailty, even the frailty of human love and joy. Let Goethe be judged by his total life, and especially by that part of life which pronounces on all that led up to it—his old age. Never was there a more majestic old man, never one more serenely energetic. Let us think of him as Eckermann presents him in his venerable years—a universal source of light, so humane, so rich in charity of the intellect. Let us remember him as Thackeray saw him caressing his little golden-haired grand-daughter. That gray spirit had followed knowledge beyond the utmost bound of human thought; nor did he stay his wanderings until rest seized him. Ulysses, after the pirates and the sirens, touched at last in a sleep the good haven of his rest. EDWARD DOWDEN.

The Golden Chersonese and the Way Thither.
By Isabella L. Bird (Mrs. Bishop). With
Maps and Illustrations. (John Murray.)

It is sometimes said that, in this bustling age of halfpenny postcards, cheap telegraphy, and telephones, the art of letter-writing has become extinct. This surely cannot be so long as we have, in the fascinating author of *Life in the Rocky Mountains*, *The Hawaiian Archipelago*, *Unbeaten Tracks in Japan*, and this crowning glory of *The Golden Chersonese*, such a worthy heir and rival of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu.

The present series may be taken as a complement to the graphic letters on Japan, whence the gifted writer sailed towards the end of 1878 for the Malay Peninsula, touching on the way at Hong Kong, Canton, and the French settlement of Saigon. The whole trip, undertaken mainly in search of health, was brought to a close on February 25 of the following year, when a return was made to more familiar regions. During this brief space of two months Miss Bird found time, amid the discomforts and hardships of Eastern travel, to send home the twenty-three charming letters which form the bulk of this volume. They are here supplemented by some introductory matter on the "Golden Chersonese," as she calls the Malay Peninsula, not, however, without some warranty, and by two chapters devoted to the native States

of Sungei Ujong and Perak, containing information of a more solid character drawn mainly from good sources, and "intended to make the letters more intelligent and useful." The letters themselves, fortunately issued without any alterations beyond a few omissions and corrections of matters of fact, preserve all the vividness of descriptions written on the spot, and seem to acquire a deeper interest from their publication "under the heavy shadow of the loss of the beloved and only sister to whom they were written."

Miss Bird's genial sympathy with all nature has nowhere been better illustrated than in the life-like pictures of tropical scenes here unfolded, as in a series of magnificent panoramas, before the gaze of the reader. Open the book where you will, and the eye lights at once on some delightful passage, as unconscious of its subtle beauty as are the strange Eastern lands themselves here so admirably described.

"It is hot," she exclaims, as the steamer glides into the busy Singapore waters,

"it is hot—so hot! but not stifling, and all the rich flavoured, coloured fruits of the tropics are here—fruits whose generous juices are drawn from the moist and heated earth, and whose flavours are the imprisoned rays of the fierce sun of the tropics. Such cartloads and piles of bananas and pine-apples, such heaps of custard-apples and 'bullocks' hearts,' such a wealth of gold and green giving off fragrance. Here, too, are treasures of the heated crystal seas—things that one dreams of after reading Jules Verne's romances. Big canoes, manned by dark-skinned men in white turbans and loin-cloths, floated round our ship, or lay poised on the clear depths of aquamarine water, with fairy freights—forests of coral white as snow, or red, pink, violet, in massive branches or fern-like sprays, fresh from their warm homes beneath the clear warm waves, where fish as bright-tinted as themselves flash through them like 'living light.' There were displays of wonderful shells, too, of pale rose-pink, and others with rainbow tints which, like rainbows, came and went—nothing scanty, feeble, or pale."

This is Singapore afloat; and, on landing, a no less wondrous world is revealed at every step to an eye ever open to the poetry of nature.

"It is intensely tropical; there are mangrove swamps and fringes of coco-palms and banana-groves, date, sago, and travellers' palms, tree-ferns, indiarubber, mango, custard-apple, jack-fruit, durian, lime, pomegranate, pine-apples, and orchids, and all kinds of strangling and parrot-blossomed trailers. Vegetation—rich, profuse, endless, rapid, smothering, in all shades of vivid green, from the pea-green of spring and the dark velvety-green of endless summer to the yellow-green of the plumage of the palm—riots in a heavy shower every night and the heat of a perennial sun-blaze every day, while monkeys of various kinds and bright-winged birds skip and flit through the jungle shades."

In the monkey family an almost human interest is felt, as seems fitting in a region where anthropologists are still looking for the "missing link." One unfortunate little pet, a wah-wah, "the most delightful of apes," interrupts her letter-writing,

"hanging with one long, lean arm round my throat, while with its disengaged hand it keeps taking my pen, dipping it in the ink, and scrawling over my letter. It is the most winsome of creatures; but, if I were to oppose it,

there is no knowing what it might do, so I will take another pen. The same is true of an elephant. I am without knowledge what it might be capable of!"

But for the huge pachyderms she has less sympathy, describing them as

"truly hideous beasts, with their gray, wrinkled, hairless hides, the huge rugged 'flappers' which cover their ears, and with which they fan themselves ceaselessly; the small mean eyes, the hideous proboscis which coils itself snakishly round everything; the formless legs, so like trunks of trees; the piggish back, with the steep slope down to the mean, bare tail; and the general unlikeness to all familiar and 'friendly beasts.'"

This is ungrateful after the novel experience of a sub-fluvial trip afforded by an elephant described as "a diver," who avoids the fords and prefers crossing rivers under water.

"I liked the prospect of a journey on the other side [of the Perak], so we went down a steep bank into the broad, bright river, and, putting out from the shore, went into the middle; and, shortly, the elephant gently dropped down and was entirely submerged, moving majestically along, with not a bit of his huge bulk visible, the end of his proboscis far ahead, writhing and coiling like a water-snake every now and then, the nostrils always in sight, but having no apparent connexion with the creature to which they belonged. Of course we were sitting in the water, but it was nearly as warm as the air, and so we went for some distance up the clear, shining river, with the tropic sun blazing down upon it, with everything that could rejoice the eye upon its shores, with little beaches of golden sand, and above the forests the mountains with varying shades of indigo colouring."

From the scene of this adventure a somewhat daring advance was made into the Koto-lama district of Perak, which is still in an unsettled state, and which was the farthest point reached from the west coast. Here the people "really did look like savages;" and the traveller presently found herself in the very heart of a country which has till recently been a hot-bed of disturbance and lawlessness, "a nest of robbers and murderers," "a stronghold of piracy," &c., as it continues to be officially described in the Blue-Books. The visit caused a good deal of excitement among the natives, who assembled in considerable numbers, armed with muskets, spears, parangs, and golos, or short knives. Yet they seemed quite friendly, sent a monkey for some fresh coco-nuts, and fetched a ladder for the English lady to mount her elephant, who was the first European to test the loyalty of the Koto-lamah people since the last "pacification."

The enchanting scenery and prismatic surroundings of the Perak River, in every respect the most interesting in the peninsula, are described with surprising truth and accuracy.

"The twilight was green and dim, and oftentimes amidst the wealth of vegetation not a flower was to be seen. But as often, through rifts in the leafage far aloft, there were glimpses of the sunny heavenly blue sky, and now and then there were openings where trees had fallen, and the glorious tropical sunshine streamed in on gaudy blossoms of huge trees and on pure white orchids and canary-coloured clusters borne by lianas; on sun-birds, iridescent and gorgeous in the sunlight; and on butterflies, some all golden, others amber and black, and amber and

blue, some with velvety bands of violet and green, others altogether velvety-black with spots of vermilion or emerald-green, the under side of the wings corresponding to the spot, while sometimes a shoal of turquoise-blue or wholly canary-coloured sprites fluttered in the sunbeams; the flash of sun-birds and the flutter of butterflies giving one an idea of the joy which possibly was intended to be the heritage of all animated existence. In these openings I was glad for the moment to be neither an ornithologist nor an entomologist, so that I might leave every one of these daintily coloured creatures to the enjoyment of its life and beauty."

A work so brilliantly written, animated by such noble sentiments and kindly feeling, necessarily disarms criticism. Else comment might be invited by several ethnological, geographical, and statistical statements, as well as by some curious solecisms in style—blemishes, however, which, in the midst of so many excellences, appear as little more than "patches on the cheek of beauty."

A. H. KEANE.

Italy. By Ugo Balzani. "Early Chroniclers of Europe." (S. P. C. K.)

SIG. BALZANI has made a welcome addition to this extremely useful series. It is most desirable that the growing interest in history should be established on a broad basis, and that the methods and sources of historical writing should be popularised as well as the results. At the same time, it is a difficult task to give a brief and interesting account of early chroniclers, to present them to the ordinary reader in their real character, and to show their literary as well as their historical value. Sig. Balzani has done this by copious extracts, which are excellently translated. We are not without hopes that the publication of this series may lead to the study of history in the upper forms of our public schools in books of extracts from mediæval chroniclers. Such a plan would surely be useful for the study of language, literature, and history alike.

The history of mediæval Italy is singularly varied, and has its roots on every side. Sig. Balzani's chief difficulty was one of selection, and selection determined by a particular end. He has managed to disentangle from the mass of material before him the more peculiarly Italian elements, without disregarding the connexion of Italian with European affairs. The interval between Cassiodorus and Villani is immense, and the transition has to be traced with a firm hand. Italian history has passed from the organisation of the mightiest province of the Roman empire to the affairs of a Tuscan city without losing its European importance. It has passed through the period of barbarian invasions without losing its hold on its ancient traditions. A new spirit has been infused without any violent destruction of the old forms. The difficulty and the interest of mediæval Italy lay in tracing this gradual process. It can only be traced adequately in the pages of the Italian chroniclers, and Sig. Balzani has done well in giving extracts which put forcibly before the reader the process by which the Italian peoples were formed. The following remarks on Paulus

Diaconus summarise much that is important:—

"Paul seemed destined for an historian by his birth and the circumstances of his life. Born in Italy of Lombard parentage when the Lombard rule was drawing near its fall, attached to the people from whom he sprang, and the friend of their princes, and, on the other hand, educated by Italian masters in the traditions, doubly Latin, both of classical and ecclesiastical studies, Paulus Diaconus was both Italian and Lombard. Hence that kind of patriotism which in him combined the two races, and seemed to symbolise a fusion between them which could not ever be complete, and was only partially reached when the Lombard oppressor, conquered by the Franks, found himself in this common misfortune on a nearer level with the oppressed race."

Sig. Balzani makes some excellent remarks on the chivalry of the Lombards. It is indeed a fact, deserving more attention than it has received, that Italy in the eighth century passed through the chivalrous phase which did not reach Northern Europe till two or three centuries later. Chivalry had begun to be artificial in Italy when it was real in the rest of Europe. It was not that Italy did not understand it; but she had lived through it.

We cannot follow Sig. Balzani through the details of his subject. He has a real and scholarly knowledge of Italian history. His book is written without any parade of erudition; but, if tested in any part, it is found to rest upon a foundation of very much wider knowledge than the author cares to show. It contains some passages of excellent writing, among which we may notice the comparison of Gregory I. and Gregory VII., the two mediæval Popes whose letters enable us to judge their aims. The life and writings of Albertinus Mussatus, a man who has scarcely yet received due recognition, are treated with sympathetic warmth. We notice that Sig. Balzani is of del Lungo's opinion in favour of the authenticity of Dino Compagni, and we imagine that all English students who have followed the controversy will agree with him. A book must end somewhere, and perhaps the chronicle of Villani makes a good end to the mediæval history of Italy; but we could have wished that Sig. Balzani had dwelt more on Villani, and illustrated from him the commercial greatness of Florence. We could also have wished that the book had been accompanied by a tabular statement of the editions of the various chroniclers mentioned. It is not everyone who knows where to find them.

M. CREIGHTON.

Some Impressions of the United States. By Edward A. Freeman. (Longmans.)

MR. FREEMAN passed six months in the United States during the autumn and spring of 1881 and 1882. He saw something of the commonwealths forming the old English colonies, but he did not get farther west than St. Louis or farther south than Northern Virginia. Nor did he mingle much among the people at large; for it was one of the pleasures, as well as one of the penalties, of the reputation which preceded and accompanied him that, wherever he went, men of letters

and "prominent citizens" were ready to act as his *ciceroni* to the Great Republic. In the newer States this is not of great importance, for the social differences between one grade of society and those immediately above and below it are so trifling as to be scarcely perceptible. But in the older settled portions of the Union there are distinctions and antipathies as in Europe; and the gulf between the "Knickerbockers" of New York or the "fust families" of Virginia and the "immigrant" of last year and the "mean white trash" is no narrower because it consists for the most part in differences made by education and wealth. The America which the great English historian saw was therefore an America of university professors, wealthy merchants, and polished statesmen, a land of cities, fair women, fine linen, well-appointed establishments, and set dinners, at which an honoured guest was toasted by Amphitryons worthy of entertaining so distinguished a visitor. He was, of course, often asked how he liked the country which he saw under such pleasant auspices; and in the magazine articles of which this little volume is mainly a reprint he proceeds—very reluctantly, it is admitted—to answer that embarrassing question.

This hesitation is very natural, though Mr. Freeman has no need for apologising over his fancied unfitness for the task he has set himself to perform. Like other men whose reputation is made before they land on the shores of the New World, he was received with unfailing hospitality, and is therefore unwilling, in the exercise of his function of good-natured friend, to say anything which might be misinterpreted or give pain to his kindly friends. He is not the first traveller who has halted between two opinions; and to some of us the difficulty of deciding what to do has been so great that the only compromise possible was to keep our notes for the instruction of a circle the periphery of which did not extend to Cape Cod or "Aliaskas shore." Americans are not nowadays so impatient of criticism as they were when Colonel Chollon opined that they "must be cracked up." But, like all young nations and struggling peoples whose position in the world is still unfixed, or who have seen better days, they are extremely sensitive to criticism. There was never a race so case-hardened to abuse as are the English, since they have no longer to win a place in the political hierarchy, and probably none so touchy as the little monarchy of ancient Denmark or the great republics of the New World. Mr. Freeman has, however, done his work so thoroughly well that, if he has not escaped severe strictures, he may feel careless about their consequences.

Unlike some visitors of less experience, he declined to "be put through," as the phrase is, but insists on doing his best to see things with his own eyes, even when his attendant guides were ready with their rosy-coloured spectacles. That he is invariably right only a rash man would declare; but to say that he has touched briefly, trenchantly, and with a practised hand nearly every feature of American public and private life in a manner which commands admiration is only what the barest justice to his book

demands. In less than three hundred pages he gives an admirable digest of his impressions—so admirable, indeed, that, with the exception of Anthony Trollope (who wrote about the best book on the United States, just as his mother must be conceded the distinction of being the parent of about the worst of an evil progeny), we cannot recall anyone who has penned one which is more satisfactory. Mr. Freeman looked at the English colonies in America—we know what we are saying—with the eye of a man who had for thirty years been studying men and cities and governments, and tracing from their very germ the gradual upbuilding of the institutions of which those of the United States are only dis severed portions. Indeed, this may be regarded as the key-note of the whole volume. He is ever finding, and ever insisting, that “the Americans,” as they so absurdly call themselves—as if the continent were not likewise the home of Canadians, Mexicans, Brazilians, and the Southern brood of Old Spain—are only English settled on the other side of the Atlantic, just as the Australians are Britons in the Antipodes; and he takes a peculiar delight in pointing to any feature in a New England college, law court, municipality, or any familiar phrase which confirms this easily accepted view.

“The Americans,” however, did not seem to share their guest’s enthusiasm, evidently taking a kind of patriotic pride in believing themselves to be, if not autothonic, at least a new ethnic product compounded of Briton and Teuton and Celt and Latin and Slav, plus something of the Ethiopian, and, in the older States (though they do not care to acknowledge the paternity), a considerable dash of the Red folk, whom, in many cases, the earlier settlers absorbed rather than exterminated. Mr. Freeman is not insensible to this miscegenation, but he gets over it by pointing out that, in like manner, we have absorbed and amalgamated a variety of foreign elements. This is perfectly true, but, at the same time, these aliens have given a bent to the character and pursuits of the older English which resulted in the formation of the modern British. This compound man migrated to America, and there, under the metamorphosing influences of new surroundings, different food, expanded ideas, and changed climate, began the amalgamating process afresh. He retained, but will, as time goes on, retain to a less extent, the habits and ways of the mother country, whose language he speaks, and whose institutions were the only models the majority of the colonists could imitate when they began housekeeping on their own account. The rural parts of Pennsylvania are to-day very German; and, where the Celtic element and the later High Dutch importation has not entirely swamped the Lower Dutch, or Holland, substratum, there are portions of New York State more Teutonic than English. Apart from Louisiana and Florida, which originally were not English at all, Mr. Freeman would have found, had he gone farther west, that there were parts of the United States no more British than is implied by the possession of a common tongue and a common political foundation. His remarks upon American dialects are interesting; but it is to be regretted that

so acute and learned an observer was not sufficiently long in the country, or brought enough in contact with the humbler classes, to have studied the influences of the later Teutonic and Celtic immigration on the speech, food, and modes of thought in America. The present writer has noticed this repeatedly. Apart from the intellectual product of a cross between the thoughtful, heavy, steady German and the quick-witted, unstable, illogical Irishman, there are phrases in constant use in America which can be easily traced to the Teuton and the Celt. They have influenced—not beneficially, it may be admitted—the cookery, and, in some instances, have entirely altered the meanings of words. What are called Yankeeisms are in reality, as Mr. Lowell has so aptly shown in his essay on the New England dialect, mere fossil English words, found in Chaucer and Shakspeare. “Chores” is an example. But the familiar word “bummer,” identical with our loafer, is unquestionably German—or rather Platt-Deutsch (Bummeln); while no one who has travelled from the Eastern to the Far Western States but must have noticed how the adjective “clever” alters its meaning, from being translatable by “smart” in New England to being considered in Oregon akin to a term of disrespect—for there it is equivalent to soft, good-natured, and anything but smart.

Mr. Freeman’s “Impressions” are, however, so full of thoughtful remarks and subjects for discussion that, without eviscerating its contents, it would be impossible to do justice to his pregnant pages. Here and there—as when he objects to being called “Doctor,” his degree being “purely professional and honorary,” or objects to people thinking that he must consult rare MSS. in the British Museum when he only uses printed authorities—Mr. Freeman is unreasonably crotchety. But his crotchets are never offensive, and are not the least amusing features in a book most of which is entertaining and all of which is instructive.

ROBERT BROWN.

NEW NOVELS.

Doctor Claudius: a True Story. By F. Marion Crawford. (Macmillan.)

Sam’s Sweetheart. By Helen Mathers (Mrs. Henry Reeves). In 3 vols. (Hurst & Blackett.)

Hearts. By David Christie Murray. In 3 vols. (Chatto & Windus.)

A Fool for his Pains. By Helena Gullifer. In 3 vols. (Sampson Low.)

Love and its Counterfeit. By Alice Bernard. In 3 vols. (White.)

THE author of *Doctor Claudius* says on the title-page that it is “a true story;” but whenever true things are written of truly, and form a narrative artistically complete, the result may be called “a true story.” It is to be hoped Mr. Crawford does not mean that there is really somewhere or other one Doctor Claudius and only one, and that he is really married to the one Countess Margaret, for they are both of them very beautiful types of character, and it would be pleasant to think that they were to be met with now and then.

The charm of *Doctor Claudius* as a story is quite different from that of *Mr. Isaacs*. There was magic in *Mr. Isaacs* which held the reader by a spell. When it was finished the impression left upon the mind grew in force. The author was hardly thought of at first, for “Mr. Isaacs” himself was a distinct personality—a new creation, a fresh departure in fiction. The book would always stand out among modern novels as one that had broken new ground. *Doctor Claudius*, on the other hand, brings before us chiefly and forcibly the rare versatility and brilliant gifts of the author. The story is one of ordinary life; and it flows on pleasantly from first to last, sparkling with wit and fresh thought, humorous and pathetic by turns, full of culture, of travel, of curious knowledge of men and things, and in its love passages almost inaugurating a new phase of chivalric thought, so high is its tone and *motif*. Doctor Claudius, when the story opens, is a doctor of philosophy at Heidelberg, a thoughtful, broad-browed Scandinavian, who

“had plunged into the vast sea of Kant, Spinoza, and Hegel without, perhaps, having any very definite idea of what he was doing . . . and had to go on and on until one day he asked himself what it all led to? why he had laboured so hard for years over such things? whether the old free life and ready enjoyment were not better than this midnight prowling among other people’s thoughts, which, whatever they might have been when spoken, never seemed quite clear on paper?”

The sudden acquisition of a great fortune in America seems only to increase his bewilderment without giving any definite aim to existence, but the author says “the potent reason for this was that he had never met a woman who had interested him.” Almost at the same time as the news of the fortune reaches him he is happy enough to rescue the lost parasol of a beautiful American lady who had married a Russian Count and had been left a widow. “The exalted opinion he held of woman in general had gained upon him of late years since he had associated less with them” is said of Doctor Claudius, and yet is not said cynically; and from the time of his meeting with the beautiful Countess Margaret his life may be said to begin. There enter on the scene an American adventurer, Mr. Barker, and an English Duke who is given to roving and American trading, and takes a fancy to the simply mannered, herculean philosopher. The Duke, who is made up of broad effects of good-nature and gentlemanly feeling, and has but a small amount of brains, takes the whole party, with the addition of his own sister, the Lady Victoria, and the Countess’s companion, Miss Skeat, across to America in his yacht. On the broad ocean Doctor Claudius and the Countess naturally see a great deal of each other; and the Countess, who had thought of the philosopher mostly “as an interesting book she was reading,” begins to find her feeling towards him changing. As for him, ere they had left Europe,

“with the chivalrous wholeness of purpose that was his nature, he took his soul and laid it at her feet, for better, for worse, to do with as she would. But he knew the hour was not yet come wherein he could speak, and so he served her in silence, content to feel the tree of life growing within him.”

By the time America is reached he has roused the jealousy of Mr. Barker, who thinks to gain his own ends by throwing doubt on the identity of Doctor Claudius. The brother-in-law of the Countess Margaret has become involved in Nihilist plots, and has so complicated her affairs that her fortune is jeopardised; and Doctor Claudius finds a chivalric enterprise, worthy of his love, in going to Europe to reclaim her rights. He does not tell her the object of his journey, but in a beautifully described scene on Newport Cliff they become affianced. Doctor Claudius confides to the Duke the secret of his mission and also the mystery of his own parentage, which is never divulged to the reader. The only prospective interest of the story is whether Claudius will ever return from his journey to claim the Countess; and, as it is impossible to help sharing the doubts and presentiments about him, the interest is sustained to the last page. But the real charm of the book lies chiefly in its vivid character-painting. Each figure is full of vitality and sketched with vigour—the blue-eyed, massive philosopher, with his strong hands and his worshipping love, “the outcome of a knightly nature thrown back upon itself;” the more complex and queenly Countess Margaret; the vulgar, low-aiming Mr. Barker, whose touch of physical courage in the carriage accident is introduced with dramatic force; the well-meaning, stupid Duke, whose aristocracy and yacht are useful to his friends; his pleasant, sea-loving sister; the excellent *savant*, Horace Bellingham, with his tales of people's grandmothers and his genuine desire to do a good turn when he can; even the withered Miss Skeat, with her interest in Indians and her flashes of kindness, are well worth knowing.

In *Sam's Sweetheart*, Mrs. Henry Reeves has written a novel to assert the superiority of the savage life over modern civilisation; and certainly, if it is an advantage for a heroine to be able to run up a tree when she finds herself in difficulties, to get herself into gaol for knocking down a policeman, to kill a neighbouring farmer's turkeys, and to poach hares and pheasants out of season when the family she is visiting seem short of food, “*Sam's Sweetheart*” successfully magnifies her office. When the story commences “*Sam*” is a gold-digger in Misogamy Camp, New South Wales, and his “*Sweetheart*” is a baby left to starve by its father, an English peer, who elects to haunt gold-fields and be known as “*Cucumber Jack*.” The bringing up of the baby in the gold-diggers' camp, and its humanising effect on the rough men who nursed it, are told very touchingly, forming the truest part of a vigorous but unnatural story. It will remind some readers of Bret Harte's pathetic *Luck of Roaring Camp*, though “*Sam's Sweetheart*” goes through many more hair-breadth escapes in her roughly nurtured infancy. After the tragic death of her protector *Sam*, she is about to be taken to England by another digger, when she is carried off by her Maori grandmother, who has followed her father's fortunes to New South Wales and lives with a tribe of Australian aborigines. Here, after several years' training in wild sports, she is about to marry her Maori cousin when she is

found by the inevitable “broad-chested” Englishman, who is of course her unknown near relation, and, though engaged to a lady in England, loses his heart to the lovely savage, and is saved from innumerable perils by her as she guides him through the bush to the sea-coast, “catching his dinner” for him daily. “He did not love her the less because she was a delicious cook!” How his English love conveniently loves someone else; how his savage love, after startling adventures amid outraged aborigines, finds her father and helps to bury him in the sand with her own hands, enters into a nominal marriage with the Maori cousin, and then sets out for England with the name “*Sam's Sweetheart*” on her boxes, is it not written in the second and third volumes? Undoubtedly the lovely savage must have been a curious apparition in a quiet clergyman's family when she vanquished the clergyman and his five wild sons so completely that her imprisonment for assaulting the policeman leaves room for nothing but tearful regret. But the *dénouement* of this adventurous life must be left to the discovery of those readers who are not deterred by improbability and very fervid love scenes from pursuing her fortunes and those of her wooer, Guy. Mrs. Henry Reeves has power, and some of her descriptions of bush life are full of beauty; but, in passing, we may notice that all her characters speak in the same concise terse way, very much to the point, with no softening qualities. As an example, we may quote a speech made by Guy's English *fiancée* when asked by her aunt why she is in mourning.

“I am in mourning for my cousin, Guy Trefusis,” said Tishy, as the butler handed her cream and sugar. “Guy Trefusis is dead,” almost screamed Mrs. Transome, “the man you were to have married the first of next month!” “Yes,” said Tishy, as she took a piece of bread-and-butter from a footman, “he fell over a precipice the other day in Australia, or something, but we do not expect he will ever come back.”

If these are the manners and customs of the highest civilisation, we can hardly wonder that Mrs. Henry Reeves prefers savage life, and men and women of the type of “*Djarrah*” and “*Yuntha*.”

After such bewildering transitions from Australia to England and back again, it is with a sense of respite that we turn to a book like *Hearts*, which, in spite of its “bizarre” cover, is a novel of the genuine melodramatic order. The hero, Tom Carroll, is a healthy, right-minded young Briton, who is true himself and expects others to be true. He is ruined by an unscrupulous cousin, Mark, who supplants him with his pompous old father and usurps his home. Mark is found stabbed, and cleverly throws the blame on Tom, who has meanwhile lost everything he has in bringing out an original opera, and who is tried for murderous assault. The extremes of Italian character, its loyalty and gratitude on the one hand, its hatred and revenge on the other, both come into play in working out the plot, and are very cleverly delineated; and the interest of the story is well sustained. The most puzzling part of the book is its name, for “*hearts*” have very little to say to the story. Tom transfers

what he calls his heart with very little trouble from his first love to a young singer, and the first love is equally ready to give hers in another direction. Possibly the author wishes to show that a playing-card is a fitting type of such easy transference.

A Fool for his Pains is a dangerously easy flow of words. It is the sort of novel which is the outcome of a liberal education in weekly newspaper gossip—one of the irresponsible books of chatter that overflow on the shelves of a sea-side library, and, where they have any influence, weaken true views of life. But it is hard to imagine the influence of a book which moves through stifling scenes of society in Rome, in Paris, and in London, where one beautiful lady marries a man she does not care about for the sake of a young brother, who afterwards lies under a charge of forgery, through a mistaken idea of saving her reputation; where another beautiful lady has a dangerous flirtation, which is brought to a summary end by the sudden appearance at an evening *fête* of a lion escaped from the Zoological Gardens. It is delightful to know that “*Lady Grenville* looked quietly aristocratic and good-looking in black tulle, trimmed with lace and jet; and Brenda's blue surt was especially becoming to her fairness;” and to read of a *Lady Ravenhill*, “who leaves the heaven upon earth of a loving home for something far better than earth, in heaven,” and that “her husband and three sons are not long in following, sent to an earlier meeting than the fondest love could have hoped by the breaking of a bridge and drowning of a train.”

Love and its Counterfeit is probably a first novel. The author's views of life will have matured before she launches into her second; and she will have learnt by that time how difficult it would have been for the most wicked husband to have lived in his own country place with his lawful wife and son, and yet to have engaged himself to be married to a lady living a few miles away, or to have trodden purposely on his wife's gown on a dangerous staircase, and sent her to an early grave, and yet so nearly to have married his old love, with the watchful eyes of two old servants, a foster-brother, a friend, and a doctor upon him. F. M. OWEN.

RECENT VERSE.

Two Fancies, and other Poems. By William Graham. (Kegan Paul, Trench and Co.) “*Two Fancies*” is the story of a youth who had “sought for knowledge deep and vast,” who had “plunged deep in the mystic wells of ancient lore,” and “drunk of the purer streams of modern thought,” but had “found the goal was nothing.” At length, after “sleepless nights succeeding weary days,” the “soul-consuming” foe of thought was conquered in, and by, him, and the crown of “*God-like calm*” then “wreathed the victor's brow.” The sea, stars, and wind now told him with “mystic voice the secrets of all time;” but as for his intercourse with men (or with women either, though the sequel would not seem to say so), he looked upon them merely as “toys to play with in an idle hour.” Notwithstanding his settled conviction that the “world's smiles and tears were nought but lies,” and in particular that “women cared for nought but gold and power,” it chanced one “sweet autumnal day,” when his

"soul was plunged in poet's dreams," that a thunderstorm came on, or, rather, that the "thunder's roll beat its dread music to their [that is, the waves' and winds'] mighty war," when a young girl near her cottage home hospitably asked him to come in out of the wet, or, more properly, a "gentle voice of sweetest melody" spoke these words:—

"Oh, come and shelter from this fearful storm,
Our house is there, oh, pray ride on with speed."

It would be unjust to the author to recount the subsequent incidents with any degree of closeness. It is perhaps enough to say that the first of the two "Fancies" closes while the youth, who had learned that "women care for nought but gold and power," is in the act of saying:—

"My darling, I am going far away,
But never to forget you . . .
And with one last embrace they parted—then
He rode forth in the blackness of the night,"

which is surely a proof that he has made as much progress in a fresh department of research as we could reasonably expect from one who regards mankind as a "toy to play with in an idle hour." The book is dedicated to Mr. Alfred Austin, as the "chief of Byronians," in token of "admiration of his noble defence of Byron's memory against the harpies who assail it." The author is throughout very peppery on the Byron question:—

"Exactly as a skittish Scottish bull
Hunts an old woman in a scarlet cloak."

There is a good deal in the book that is obviously written in imitation of the colloquial semi-cynical, semi-humorous style of "Don Juan." The author is never entirely funny except when he means to be so. There is, however, one solemn apostrophe to Byron in the form of a sonnet which rivals everything else in mingled humour and pathos. It begins—

"Greatest of England's bards, save only one;"

and ends—

"My sun-god! dost thou oft-times think of me?"
We put it, however, to Mr. W. Graham whether, on reflection, he does not agree with us that his "sun-god" might occupy his "soul of fire" with a duty less trying than that of oft-times thinking of him.

The Waters of Lethe. By Lancelot Richard Bawnsey. (Cambridge: Metcalfe.) It was hardly to be expected that, in this year of grace, any new turn would be given to the eerie myth about the river of hell, whose waters, being imbibed by the dead, caused them to forget all they had previously known. Certainly Mr. Bawnsey has no new sense in which to employ it, nor has he, so far as we can see, any fresh commentary to make concerning it, unless it be that

"Ghosts brook not that mortal strangers
Should their secret homes explore."

Whether it was worth while to write a poem of sixteen demy octavo pages in order to present this idea and similar ideas is more than we care to say; but that the author should offer the public a fragment like this at all is a problem that is perhaps only capable of solution on the assumption that, like the raven's laconic utterance, "tis his only stock and store."

Wayside Songs. (Glasgow: Wilson and McCormick.) This is an anonymous volume, which, in its unpretentiousness, no less than in its intrinsic excellence, fulfils all the functions of true minor verse. Among the babel of poetic voices it is surely not unbecoming that there should be some who are content to echo the tone of the master singers without aspiring to their utmost flights. This volume has a perceptible Herrickian air, not less in the atmosphere of nature that pervades it than in the general lucidity and sweetness of its verse. There are certainly a few poems, such as "Far or Near," which are as commonplace in theme and as

barren in treatment as the average product of the Poet's Corner of a Scotch country newspaper. A few of the poems, also, such as "Take me Home," are feebly didactic; but the author of this book is no weakling. The writer of "Now for laurel plant we rue" is at least worthy to sit at the feet of the true poet whom he has chosen for model. Here and there we note the passing influence of contemporary authors, and twice or thrice there are indications of a tendency to slide into *vers de société*. The author is at his best, however, in the more solemn Herrickian lyrics such as "So Tired," "Rest," the sonnet to Mortimer Collins, and the address to Bayard Taylor. In the following lines there is a hint of beauty which does not get rightly realised:—

"A PASSING THOUGHT."

"I met a friend in the furrowed ways,
And hailed as we passed along,
But paused not to talk, for the brief bright days
Left little for smile or song."

"Yet sometimes I think, with a sad regret,
My harvest will prove less sweet
If the friend in the early spring I met
In the end I shall no more meet."

There is not enough in this to make it vital. Such verse is so slight that nothing but a close condensation of thought will vivify it. But then Landor alone seems to have had the gift of that.

Love Poems. By Paolo. (Chapman and Hall.) After telling us how it chanced "on a summer evening fair" that "she had won some gloves of me," the author of this pretty volume goes on to say that, though the day (another day, we presume) was cold, and the sullen rain was flying upon the "storm-king's pinions fleet," the rain and sleet and cold were nothing to him—from which we regret to see that Paolo is afflicted with all a minor poet's reckless indifference to draughts. Indeed, the minor poets of the present generation, in their sublime disregard of unpropitious weather, seem, as a body, to be graduating for an epidemic of influenza. There is a "sonnet" in *Love Poems* which is somewhat to the tune of Michael Drayton's "Since it must be," and contains no scantier allowance than twenty lines. A large part of the volume is written in the quatrain employed in "In Memoriam," and the book, as a whole, is certainly free from the worst vices of modern euphony.

Plays for the People. By C. Edmund Maurice. (Bell.) This book does not fall quite naturally into the category of minor verse, being written largely in prose. Mr. Maurice's purpose is to popularise the work of the Commons Preservation Society, and no doubt the movement in which he has engaged is one that well deserves attention. It is so obvious that people die off the faster in the same degree that they crowd themselves together the closer, that any measures are to be commended that help them to preserve their rights in such breathing-places as Bushey and Loughton, though we certainly should not have supposed that amateur theatricals illustrative of the lives and labours of the pioneers of the Commons Preservation Society would contribute materially to that end. Mr. Maurice's dramas are neither very ingenious in construction nor characterised by much fertility of resource in dialogue; moreover, they exhibit the farm labourers of more than a hundred years ago as occasionally talking in a gibberish which we supposed to be peculiar to the Cockney of our own day. But they are, nevertheless, pleasant little plays, and are certainly not open to objection on any grounds that such an economist as Mr. Henry George would find dubious.

Lady Margaret's Sorrows. By Cameron Macdowall. (Beer.) "If men should ask" Mr. Macdowall why he writes verses, his

answer would be "that as a good conscience is supposed to be the first source of happiness, so an agreeable occupation is the second." He "cannot always work, nor hunt, nor shoot, nor sing, nor dance." Besides, he "cannot help writing or imagining verses;" and he prints them because "manuscript poetry gives a most restricted pleasure." To do him more justice than in his Prefatory Note he does himself, we would say that, "if men should ask" why he writes verses, the best answer would be that at least he has something to say or sing, and that the something in question is neither confined to the exposition of his individual opinions nor the revelation of his personal passions. This book is not like certain of its companion volumes, either foppishly egotistical or whiningly modest. Its worst fault is a certain tendency to melodramatic falseness, a certain trace of stagniness, a certain want of sentimental control. "Lady Margaret" does not much touch us by her sorrows, the "Legend of Valsalva" fails to terrify us by eerie ghouliness, and "Mariolatry" lacks the natural simplicity which would have made it pathetic. The blank verse of the title-poem is deficient in strenuousness, and the rhymed verse of the other poems would be better for more finish. But, withal, there is, as we say, something in this little book for which we can properly commend it. The following is the last poem given, and, though out of harmony with the author's other work, it will be seen to be clever and amusing:—

"TO MY SMALL HOUSE IN SCOTLAND."

"What is't that rises on the placid shore,
Before thy porch, ah small house by the sea,
The monster huge, dilating more and more
That slew dire Phaedra's love?—Can such things be!"

"Heh, Sir! You've no then likely heard the news,

We're soon to hae a busy, bustling shore,
A big, braw brick-kiln and long chimley flues."

Farewell, farewell! I must return—no more!"

Sforza: a Tragedy. By J. C. Heywood. (Kegan Paul, Trench and Co.) *Sforza* is "a tragedy with incidental music for the last act;" and, from the specific instructions given for the benefit of the actors, we can hardly be wrong in supposing that it has been designed with a view to representation on the stage. "At the sound of each chorus," for example, "all movement is suspended by the actors; and, while it lasts, they remain rigidly attentive, as if awed and spell-bound." Such being the case, we are afraid that Mr. Heywood will speedily come to a conclusion as to the low estimation into which tragic poetry has fallen not unlike that which Mr. Horne expressed concerning epic poetry when he published his *Orion*. The veteran poet issued his poem at a farthing, and got through three editions at that remunerative charge; but if the present author were to produce his drama even at a transpontine theatre on similar terms we fear that he, unlike Mr. Horne, would not find many applicants for "a pen'orth o' tragedy." There is in *Sforza* a certain effort—not altogether unattended by success—after solemnity, dignity, and even reserve force, conveying the idea that the author has either given some attention at least to the form of Aeschylean tragedy, or, which is more probable, is familiar with Coleridge's translation of Schiller's *Wallenstein*; but we fear it must be said that there is a lamentable amount of wool-gathering displayed in these otherwise harmless pages.

Poems and Songs. By David Wingate. (Glasgow: Kerr and Richardson.) This contains a vein of humour of the homely rustic sort. "The Pointsman Grim" is a story of a cobbler who becomes pointsman in the hope of revenging himself upon the chairman and directors of a railway company who have offered him

£50 as compensation for the loss of his wife and child by a railway accident, and who turns the points wrong at the moment when a train, supposed to contain the hated officials, is coming towards his box. "A Lay of the Twentieth Century" is a sort of solution of the problem of Irish discontent, the leaders of the Land League agitation being shipped off to sea, with the result that order is restored in Ireland. This is about on a level with Mr. Freeman's solution of the nigger problem: that every Irishman in the States should shoot a nigger and get hanged for it. Here and there is a touch of pathos. "By the Burn of Shield" is an old man's story of how he was rescued from the excesses of early life by the society of a beautiful child who came every day and sat on his plough. The poem is a rustic imitation of Keats's "La Belle Dame," less, of course, all the witchery, and with the immeasurable difference that might be expected in the technique, but retaining the idea of supernatural charm.

Monte Rosa. By Starr H. Nichols. (Boston, U.S.: Houghton, Mifflin and Co.) We hardly know whether the author's familiarity with Scott, with Byron, or with "Festus" Bailey contributed most to the epical impulse that prompted him to write this poem. The book is called an Epic of an Alp, and cantos are devoted to descriptions of the mountain, the ascent of it, the summit, and the descent from it. The writer exhibits considerable love of external nature and some familiarity with the scenes described. The blemish of the book is due to a proneness to perpetual personification of inanimate objects. The writer's reading sometimes shows itself in odd places and in questionable guise; as, for example, where we are reminded, not very opportunely, of one of Keats's finest lines in the passage that runs:—

"But thus at last they overtake and win
The 'Saddle's' windy seat conspicuous,
And camp them down for breathing-space and food,
Indifferent lunch o'ertouched with wild surmise."

Sketches in Verse. By John McCosh, M.D. (James Blackwood.) This volume contains a series of paraphrases of newspaper reports of incidents at home and abroad, the object of the book, as of three similar books by the same author that have gone before it in the space of twelve years, being "to preserve contemporary events in verse, like insects in amber, or like strawberries picked from among weeds in sugar." The stanzas are divided into ten cantos, but upon what principle we have not been able to discover. A good idea of the character of the work will be obtained from the following account of the Phoenix Park murders:—

"A deed of horror, a most monstrous crime,
Has just been signalised in open day:
Two statesmen, high in office, in their prime,
Were slaughtered yesterday in open day;
Four murderers alighting from a car,
Stabbed them to death, as if in open war:

"Within the precincts of the Phoenix Park,
As they walked home, their daily duty done,
Not overshadowed by a midnight dark,
But in the soft rays of a setting sun,
Under the eyes of Erin's best Viceroy,
No other witness but a nesting-boy."

We fear that the above is not the best example available of the author's method of preserving contemporary events "like strawberries in sugar," but it is by no means the worst. In a Preface which contains a bitter allusion to the prevailing taste for fiction, we are told that "Britannia seems to have fallen away from her ancient intellectual estate," and to be grovelling in smoke, dust, and ashes, "while the effusions of her best poets pass by her as the idle wind which she regards not—*alga viliores*." This

sort of diatribe from one whose work is such as we have quoted might run the risk of being exasperating if it were not so extremely amusing in its audacity and touching in its pathos.

NOTES AND NEWS.

MR. WALFORD D. SELBY has lately discovered, in a bundle of papers in the Public Record Office, Queen Elizabeth's translations of the five books of Boethius' *de Consolatione Philosophiæ*, of Horace's *de Arte poetica*, and of Plutarch's *De Curiositate*. The English versions of the two latter treatises are all in Elizabeth's own difficult, though vigorous, hand, but of the Boethius she wrote only the metres herself—and "rough and ready" her verse is; the prose she dictated to a secretary, whose "copy" she afterwards went through and corrected. She began the Boethius on October 10, 1593, and finished it on November 5, a time which, allowing for Sundays and holidays, is quick work. The Plutarch she engished in November 1598. These translations have been copied, and the text of them will be edited for the Early-English Text Society by Mr. Walford D. Selby, some Latin scholar with more leisure supplying the Introduction. Sir Henry Savile tells us that he had seen some translations of Latin by Queen Elizabeth which excelled the originals. We fear that Victorian scholarship will not endorse his opinion.

MR. SWINBURNE'S *Century of Roundels*, which, we believe, will be published next week, opens with a dedication to Miss Christina G. Rossetti.

We hear that an elaborate folio History of the Douglas family is now in preparation, and nearly ready for the press. The editor is a member of the family, and is ransacking all the best public and private collections for new material, so as to make the work as exhaustive and accurate as possible.

THE Hon. Roden Noel will deliver a lecture on Coleridge at the Crystal Palace on the evening of June 4. Heretofore nothing of a purely literary character has found a place among the attractions of the Palace; but, should the new experiment prove a success, similar lectures will be given at intervals during the season.

MESSRS. KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH AND Co. are preparing for publication, under the title of *Hodson of Hodson's Horse*, a new edition of *Twelve Years of a Soldier's Life in India*, with additional matter, and a refutation of charges made in Mr. Bosworth Smith's recently published *Life of Lord Lawrence*. The volume will be edited, as before, by the Rev. G. H. Hodson.

A CATALOGUE of very unusual character is about to be published by Mr. Quaritch. It describes only books which have been bound for celebrated collectors or which are marked with their arms, and books of anonymous ownership which have been bound by famous binders. The oldest book in the Catalogue is a MS. of the ninth century, the binding of which is covered with gilt metal plates, enamel, gems, and ivory carving; the newest is a book bound a few months ago by Riviere. Among the collectors there are two popes, one emperor, ten kings and queens of England, over a dozen kings and queens of France, three Spanish, and two Swedish—without reckoning royal princes. There are books of Maioli and Canevari, Grolier and Diane de Poitiers, Thomas Wotton (the English Grolier), de Thou and Colbert; bindings by the Eves, Le Gascon, Boyer, Duseuil, Padeloup, the Deromes, Trautz, Roger, Payne, Kalthoeber, Lewis, Bedford, Riviere—in fact, an *embarras de richesses* for the lovers of fine bindings.

MR. RICHARD HERNE SHEPHERD has just

completed a Bibliography, for which he has for a long time past been collecting materials, of the writings of Mr. Swinburne. It will be entitled "The Bibliography of Swinburne: a Bibliographical List, arranged in Chronological Order, of the Published Writings in Verse and Prose of Algernon Charles Swinburne, 1857-1883;" commencing with the *Undergraduate Papers*, to which Mr. Swinburne was a contributor, issued at Oxford in 1857-58, and ending with the forthcoming *Century of Roundels*. It will be uniform with Mr. Shepherd's previous Bibliographies of Ruskin, Dickens, Thackeray, and Carlyle, but will be printed for private circulation only. Subscribers are requested to send their names to Mr. Shepherd at his private address, 5 Bramerton Street, King's Road, Chelsea, S.W.

WE understand that, on the requisition of nine professors, a meeting of the Senate of University College, London, has been called for June 4 "to consider the circumstances under which two applications for admission to classes of the college have lately been refused."

DR. GEORGE MACDONALD will give a "Reading from Robert Browning" ("The Flight of the Duchess") on Monday, June 11, and a Sermon from Shakspeare (on "Othello," II. i. 64: "in the essential vesture of creation"), on Monday, June 18, both at 4 p.m., at the house of his sister, Mrs. King, Welford House, Arkwright Road, Hampstead.

THE library of St. Paul's School, which already possesses Burns's copy of "Paradise Lost," has just had an addition made to its store of Milton literature by the gift of a first edition of "Paradise Lost" (seventh title-page, 1669) and a first edition of "Paradise Regain'd" (1671). The donor is an old scholar, Mr. Osborne Aldis, of Frome.

SIR TRAVERS TWISS AND MR. JOHN T. GILBERT, editor of *Facsimiles of National MSS. of Ireland*, have joined the committee of the Pipe Roll Society.

MESSRS. ROBSON AND KERSLAKE announce a new volume of poems by Mr. W. St. Clair Baddeley, entitled *Bedouen Legends*.

MR. P. BARRY, of the London Newspaper Press, is engaged on a new social work, which will appear here and in New York simultaneously. The title is *The Legalised Frauds on the Struggling Classes*, and the line taken is that of the inapplicability of general principles to human circumstances.

MR. G. G. KILLINGLEY, of the Nottingham Free Public Library, has been appointed to the librarianship of the Gilstrap Free Library, Newark.

THE Clifton Shakspeare Society brought the work of its eighth session to a close on May 26 by a critical meeting on "Timon of Athens." Mr. John Taylor read a paper on "The 'Timon' of Lucian." Mr. L. M. Griffiths read a paper (read also at a previous meeting of the society) on "The Sources of 'Timon.'" The "Timon" lecture which Mr. C. H. Herford, of Manchester, a corresponding member of the society, delivered in December 1881, in a hitherto unpublished course of lectures on Shakspeare, was also read.

AMERICAN JOTTINGS.

MR. BROWNING'S new volume, *Jocoseria*, which is now in its second edition here, is issued in two forms by his American publishers, Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Co., of Boston—one is a sexdecimo, uniform with a fourteen-volume edition of his complete works; the other is a crown octavo, uniform with a seven-volume edition. Each is published at one

dollar, as compared with five shillings in this country.

FORTY copies of Mr. Bosworth Smith's *Life of Lord Lawrence* have been purchased by the Navy Department of the United States for distribution among ships' libraries.

AMONG the forthcoming volumes in the series of "American Men of Letters" will be *Emerson*, by Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes; *Benjamin Franklin*, by Mr. McMaster, whose popular *History of the United States* has been the success of the season; *Margaret Fuller*, by Col. T. W. Higginson; *Bryant*, by Mr. John Bigelow; and *Poe*, by Mr. G. L. Woodberry.

MR. FREDERICK POLLOCK may like to know that a New York publisher has done him the compliment of collecting his articles on "The History of the Science of Politics" from the *Fortnightly Review*, and reprinting them at fifteen cents. They form part of a so-called "library," which seems to consist almost entirely of English authors.

MESSRS. FUNK AND WAGNALL, of New York, have sent Mr. Grant Allen a cheque for £10 in payment for their cheap reprint of his *Colin Clout's Calendar*, with a promise to pay more if the sale justifies their anticipation.

A STORY by Mr. William Black, entitled "The Strange Adventures of a Milkmaid," is begun in *Harper's Weekly* for June.

MESSRS. G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS have issued a little book called *Authors and Publishers: a Manual of Suggestions for Beginners in Literature*. From it we learn that one-fourth of the books printed in the United States result in positive loss, one-half do no more than pay their expenses, and only the remaining fourth yield any profit. It appears that the usual condition is for the author to receive a royalty, which rarely exceeds ten per cent. on the retail price, equivalent to fifteen per cent. on the wholesale price; but it is frequently stipulated that no royalty shall become payable until after the first 1,000 copies have been sold.

MR. W. E. NORRIS's last novel, *No New Thing*, is already published in the "Franklin Square Library," for twenty-five cents.

THE *Literary World* for May 3 has an exhaustive paper, by Mr. F. G. Fleay, on "Shakespeare's Knowledge of Foreign Languages." He concludes that Shakespeare's knowledge was confined to Latin school-books, and that the French scenes in "Henry V." were written by a coadjutor, possibly Thomas Lodge.

FRENCH JOTTINGS.

A SELECTION from the voluminous *Discours et Plaidoyers* of Gambetta will be issued by Charpentier next week, with a prefatory memoir by his friend M. Joseph Reinach.

TWO more volumes (being the fifth and sixth) are now ready for publication of the Comte de Paris' *History of the Civil War in America*. They will deal with the operations of the Army of the Potomac in the East and of the Army of the Cumberland in the West during the year 1863. In the American translation they will form a single volume—the third.

M. ALPHONSE DAUDET is one of the many candidates for the *fauteuil* in the Académie française vacant by the death of Jules Sandeau. In discussing his claims, a writer in the *Paris* used language which M. Daudet took as a personal insult. A duel followed. The weapon used was the small-sword, and M. Daudet's antagonist was severely wounded in the forearm.

THE sensitiveness of Frenchmen to criticism was likewise illustrated by another incident last

week. M. le Duc, who exhibits a marble statue at the Salon, has broken it to pieces because it failed to receive a medal from the jury. But it is hinted that he has preserved a replica of the work in bronze.

M. E. DUCÈRE prints a chapter of "Documents pour servir à l'Histoire de la Marine basque, bayonnaise et gasconne" in the *Bulletin de la Société des Sciences et des Arts de Bayonne* which has just appeared. The documents from the archives of the town relate chiefly to the administration of Richelieu, and are accompanied by a capital lithograph of a "Pinasse de Guerre bayonnaise."

SPANISH JOTTINGS.

THE professors and former pupils of the "School of Ancient Records" at Madrid, corresponding to the French *École des Chartes*, have formed a society with a view to bringing to life again the *Revista de Archivos*, which first appeared in 1871 and ceased publication in 1878. It is proposed to print original documents and essays bearing upon the history, the ancient literature, the archaeology, and the art of Spain.

WE have received the *Discursos* read before the Academy of History in Madrid at the reception of Dr. Menendez Pelayo on May 13. That of Menendez Pelayo is an eloquent plea for the artistic, as opposed to the merely scientific, treatment of history, taking Macaulay as the greatest model hitherto. The reply of Señor Fernández-Guerra is a eulogistic criticism of the *Historia de los Heterodoxos Españoles* as exemplifying these principles.

SEÑOR FERNANDEZ DURO has published an elaborate *History*, in two volumes, of the town of Zamora, largely based upon original documents. Zamora, on the Douro, fills an important place in Spanish annals, and has been identified by some with the ancient Numantia.

THE Diputación Provincial of the Asturias proposed in a late session to purchase for publication a MS. "Gramática de Bable," in the possession of Don Teodoro Cuesta. This will be the first Grammar of the dialect printed as a separate work. The profits (if any) will be devoted to the charitable institutions of the province. Meanwhile, we may call attention to some excellent articles on the dialect by Señor Canella Secades, which appeared in the later numbers of the *Revista de Asturias* for 1882, a periodical now unhappily defunct.

As a supplement to the *Diccionario Bascongado* of Aizquibel, now appearing in numbers at Tolosa, Guipuzcoa, Señor Lopez will publish some curious appendices and also the valuable *Gramática Euskara* of Don Arturo Campion, chapters of which have from time to time been given in the *Euskal-Erria* and in other Basque publications.

THE *Revista de España* has recently been printing a series of articles by Señor A. Llanos upon the present state of literary culture in Mexico which are said to be valuable from the quotations they contain rather than from their criticism.

FOLK-LOREISTS of the mythological school will find a favourable and elaborate example of this mode of explanation in a Spanish variant of a so-called myth of Zagreus Oeiris, by the historian Sales y Ferré, in the *Boletín de la Institución libre de Enseñanza* of May 15.

YET another periodical devoted to folk-lore has reached us from Spain. This is the first number of *El Folk-Lore Bético-Extremeño*, and is the organ of a society of the same name. It is published at Fregenal, a little town of about six thousand inhabitants in the province of Badajoz. The subscription price is 7.50 pesetas, or francs.

ORIGINAL VERSE.

MAY 1883.

SWEET daughter of the year, a shrewish bride
Thou'st proved; I courted thee for many a moon,
Dreamt of, longed for thee, hailed each warmer noon
That brought thee nearer with thy flowers' pride,
Sunshine, leaves, song-birds,—ne'er a charm denied
To him who should receive thy crowning boon,
And wake to wedded bliss from love's long swoon,—
Sudden I found thee gracious by my side.
But, changed, thou floutedst me with ne'er a trace
Of love-lit eyes, now angered, cold. A space
Waiting I trusted, hopeful; as I wooed
No curst Kate thawed, but fresh with buxom grace
May, as of old,—my May,—bloomed; fair of face,
With radiant smile and constant kindly mood.

M. G. WATKINS.

OBITUARY.

HENRI RIVIÈRE.

Oxford: Mai 30, 1883.

LE commandant Henri Rivière, qui vient d'être tué au Tonkin, sous les murs d'Hanoi, était un des romanciers distingués de la littérature française contemporaine. Il s'était fait connaître surtout par deux nouvelles, *Pierrot et Cain*, qui, réunies en un seul volume, ont obtenu un très grand succès. Il avait donné depuis ces deux nouvelles *Le Meurtier d'Albertine Renouf*, roman judiciaire, où il avait employé les procédés d'Edgar Poe dans quelques unes de ses contes extraordinaires; *Le Main coupé*, *Les derniers jours de don Juan*, d'autres livres encore, et enfin une étude sur la Nouvelle Calédonie, où il avait joué un rôle très actif dans la répression d'une émeute. Les qualités de Henri Rivière comme romancier étaient une observation très juste, un style très net, et une assez grande puissance de produire des effets tragiques. Dans les salons de Paris, qu'il fréquentait beaucoup entre ses compagnes sur mer, le mordant de son esprit était très apprécié. C'était un homme grand, avec des favoris très noirs, comme les portent les officiers de marine Français, et qui causait un peu comme Mérimée, dont il était grand lecteur et disciple, avec de l'ironie et une froideur calculée. Comme Mérimée aussi, il était très bon ami, et très particulièrement cher à ceux qui l'avaient beaucoup approché. Il avait aussi écrit pour le théâtre, mais sans grand succès. Il avait donné trois pièces—"La Parvenue," "Berthe d'Estrées" et "M. Margerie." La société des gens des lettres à Paris a ouvert une souscription pour lui élever un monument.

PAUL BOURGET.

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

THE current number of the *Law Magazine and Review* contains "An Argument for the Channel Tunnel," by Sir Sherston Baker. He argues that the territory extending from the French coast to low-water mark on the English coast, being admitted on all hands to be out of the realm, is a "no man's land," and belongs to the constructors of the tunnel as first occupants. It is true that various statutes have been passed by the Legislature of this country which obtain over certain portions of the sea; but their scope is limited to the surface of the sea, and does not refer to the land under it, and even this limitation is in its turn restricted to some particular act or offence. Thus the "Hovering Act" refers to revenue matters only, and the "Territorial Act" refers to indictable offences only. The soil of the sea does not fall within the mischief of any statute, and is a neighbouring country joining England

in precisely the same manner as Spain joins France.

Merry England follows up the good start made last month; and, indeed, we think that in some respects the second number is better than the first, having more distinctness and unity of purpose. Mrs. Meynell's writing never lacks charm, and her article on the home of the Carlyles—ironically entitled "Lovely and Pleasant in their Lives"—treats with real freshness a subject about which a great deal that is neither fresh nor edifying has been written. Mr. J. G. Cox's exposition of "The Law of the Mother and the Child," and his comments thereupon, are as luminous and sensible as his article on a kindred subject in the current number of the *Dublin Review*. "A Rope-maker's Saturday Night," by Mr. Ashcroft Noble, is an account of a little club of rope-makers who met every week to read and discuss the writings of Mr. Ruskin, J. S. Mill, Carlyle, and Card. Newman; and Mr. Noble quotes some shrewd criticisms made by the workers in hemp. There is a very creditable etching of St. Alban's Abbey from the needle of Mr. Tristram Ellis.

THE *Archivio storico italiano* continues the publication of the "Diary of Palla di Noseri Strozzi" (1432) and the letters of Lorenzo de' Medici (1511-19). Sig. Rosa writes a useful paper on the history of "The Broletto of Brescia." Sig. Caffi has gathered together some documents relating to the painter Vincenzo Civerchio, generally known as Vincenzo da Cremona. He examines the authenticity of the works attributed to Vincenzo, and gives much information relating to Lombard art 1495-1540.

SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

- AUFSTAND, der, in der Herzogwin, Süd-Bosnien u. Süd-Dalmatien. 1881-82. Wien: Seidel. 6 M.
BORCHARDT, O. Die geltenden Handelsgesetze d. Erd-balls. 1. Abth. Die kodifizierten Handelsgesetze. 1. Bd. Die Handelsgesetzebücher v. Aegypten, Argentinien, Belgien, Bolivien, Brasilien u. Chile. Berlin: v. Decker. 20 M.
CARNOY, H. Littérature orale de la Picardie. Paris: Maisonneuve. 7 fr. 50 c.
FAZIO DEGLI UBERTI, Liriche edite ed inedite. Florence: Sansoni. 20 L.
GEWEHR, das, der Gegenwart u. Zukunft. Die jetz. europ. Infanterie-Gewehre u. die Mittel zu ihrer Vervollkommen. Hannover: Helwing. 5 M.
JOACHIM DU BELLAY, Lettres de, publiées pour la première fois par P. de Nolhac. Paris: Charavay. 6 fr.
MANZONI, A. Epistolario. Vol. II. Milan: Carrara. 4 L.
MARKO, der Königssohn, im serbischen Volksge-sange. Deutsch v. C. Gruber. Wien: Holder. 3 M. 60 Pf.
PASSARGE, L. Henrik Ibsen. Ein Beitrag zur neuesten Geschichte der norweg. Nationalliteratur. Leipzig: Schlicke. 6 M.
PONTMARTIN, A. de. Souvenirs d'un vieux Critique. 3 Série. Paris: Calmann Lévy. 3 fr. 50 c.
PROELSS, R. Geschichte der dramatischen Literatur u. Kunst in Deutschland von der Reformation bis auf die Gegenwart. Leipzig: Schlicke. 22 M. 50 Pf.
ROLAND, E. Rimes et jeux de l'Enfance. Paris: Maisonneuve. 7 fr. 50 c.
SCHEFFLER, W. Die französische Volksdichtung u. Sage. Ein Beitrag zur Geistes- u. Sittengeschichte Frankreichs. 1. Lfg. Leipzig: Schlicke. 1 M. 50 Pf.
SCHMIDT, O. G. Luther's Bekanntschaft m. den alten Classiken. Leipzig: Veit. 1 M. 20 Pf.

THEOLOGY.

- HOLTZHEUER, O. Der Brief an die Ebräer ausgelegt. Berlin: Wiegandt. 4 M.

HISTORY.

- BRIEFE U. ACTEN zur Geschichte d. dreissigjährigen Krieger in den Zeiten d. vorwaltenden Einflusses der Wittelsbacher. 5. Bd. Die Politik Bayerns 1591-1607. Bearb. v. F. Stieve. 2. Hälfte. München: Krieger. 18 M.
CODEX diplomaticus Salernitanus. 4 Lfg. 1250-68. Karlsruhe: Braun. 3 M.
CODEX Theodosianus, der, u. seine Umarbeitungen. Hrg. u. m. Anmerkungen versehen von Ph. Harras Ritter v. Harrasowsky. 1. Bd. Wien: Gerold's Sohn. 7 M. 50 Pf.
HARN, H. Bonifat u. Lul. Ihre angelsächs. Korrespondenzen. Erzbischof Lul's Leben. Leipzig: Veit. 10 M.
HIPPEL, F. Briefe u. Tagebücher d. Fürstbischöfs v. Ermland Joseph v. Hohenzollern. Braunsberg: Huye. 9 M.

- LINDAU, M. B. Lucas Cranach. Ein Lebensbild aus d. Zeitalter der Reformation. Leipzig: Veit. 8 M.
LUDWIG, F. Der hl. Chrysostomus in seinem Verhältniss zum byzantinischen Hof. Braunsberg: Huye. 2 M. 50 Pf.
MARIANI, C. Le Guerre dell' Indipendenza italiana. Vol. III. Turin: Roux & Favale. 8 L.
REYNALD, H. Louis XIV et Guillaume III: Histoire des deux Traités de Partage et du Testament de Charles II. d'après la Correspondance inédite de Louis XIV. Paris: Plon. 15 fr.
SATHAS, C. Documents inédits relatifs à l'Histoire de la Grèce au Moyen-âge. T. IV. Paris: Maisonneuve. 20 fr.
VERLAQUE, l'Abbé. Jean XXII, sa Vie et ses Œuvres. Paris: Plon. 4 fr.

PHYSICAL SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

- CLAUS, C. Die Kreislaufsorgane u. Blutbewegung der Stomatopoden. 5 M. 20 Pf. Ueber das Verhältniss v. Monophyes zu den Diphyiden. 1 M. 20 Pf. Wien: Holder.
ERK, F. Die Bestimmung wahrer Tagesmittel der Temperatur unter besond. Berücksicht. langjähriger Beobachtungen v. München. München: Franz. 1 M. 60 Pf.
FICK, A. Philosophischer Versuch üb. die Wahrscheinlichkeiten. Würzburg: Stahl. 1 M. 20 Pf.
HALLER, B. Die Organisation der Chitoniden der Adria. 2. Thl. Wien: Holder. 5 M. 20 Pf.
HATSCHEK, B. Ueber Entwicklung v. Sipunculus nudus. Wien: Holder. 11 M. 20 Pf.
KLAUSNER, F. Das Rückenmark d. Proteus Anguineus. München: Franz. 1 M. 20 Pf.
MEYER, A. Das Chlorophyll in chemischer, morphologischer u. biologischer Beziehung. Ein Beitrag zur Kenntniss d. Chlorophyllkornes des Angiospermen u. seiner Metamorphosen. Leipzig: Felix. 9 M.
MITTHEILUNGEN der anthropologischen Gesellschaft in Wien. 12. Bd. Wien: Gerold's Sohn. 12 M.
QUENSTEDT, F. A. Die Ammoniten d. Schwäbischen Jura. 1. Hft. Stuttgart: Schweizerbart. 15 M.
SEMPER, C. Reisen im Archipel der Philippinen. 2. Thl. 4. Bd. 1. Abth. Die Sipunculiden. Von E. Selenka. 1. Hälfte. Wiesbaden: Kreidel. 30 M.
SIEBENMANN, F. Die Fadenpilze Aspergillus flavus, niger u. fumigatus; Eutotium repens (u. Aspergillus glaucus) u. ihre Beziehgn. zur Otomyeosis aspergillina. Wiesbaden: Bergmann. 4 M. 60 Pf.

PHILOLOGY, ETC.

- FABRICIUS, B. Der Periplus d. erythräischen Meeres. Von e. Unbekannten. Griechisch u. deutsch. Leipzig: Veit. 6 M.
GETTLER, L. Die albanesischen u. slavischen Schriften. Wien: Holder. 28 M.
ΚΟΥΜΑΝΟΥΔΗΣ, Σ. Α. Συναγωγή λέξεων ἀθηναίων ἐν τοῖς ἀλφεινοῖς λεξιμοῖς. Athens: Beck. 15 fr.
WESTPHAL, R. Die Musik d. griechischen Alterthums. Leipzig: Veit. 9 M.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE GREEKS AND ENGLISH PHILHELLENES.

London: May 28, 1883.

On the occasion of Mr. Gladstone's political jubilee, the Greeks, to show their gratitude to the illustrious philhellene, resolved to erect a monument in commemoration of the event; and the Senate of the University of Athens appealed to the panhellenic Greeks for subscriptions. The response has more than fulfilled anticipation, and a handsome surplus remains in hand. The worthy rector of the university, M. Kyriakos, by a circular issued on the 20th of this month, announces that this surplus could not be used to better advantage than by applying it to the erection of a monument to the memory of the late Earl of Guildford, founder of the Ionian University. As your readers are aware, the expenses of the establishment of this university were entirely defrayed by his lordship. An account of the first installation will be found in the *Literary Gazette* of August 14, 1824, p. 523.

At the time when the university was founded, the Greeks were struggling for liberty, and the university at Corfu was the only Greek seat of learning until the university at Athens was established in 1836. The name of Lord Guildford is deeply rooted in the hearts of the Greeks, and his memory cherished with grateful reverence. The *Gazette of Missolonghi* of December 11, 1824, thus speaks of him:—

"... Our spiritual regeneration would have been incomplete had it not been for the great and untiring zeal of the Earl of Guildford, who, having deeply read the works of our forefathers, has not ceased to honour the habits of our country, to respect our Church, to love our race with enthusi-

asm, to see in that race the old image, and to fight for it if at any time a reckless and cruel tongue dared to insult it in its misfortune. Humane at all times, but especially so to the unfortunate Greek, whose mind he conceived the happy thought of cultivating... he is struggling hard, and never ceases to exercise his influence with the mighty of his great country, for the God-speed of his work. In fact, Lord Guildford lives for the good of Greece."

The above extract, I believe, was written by Tricoupis the historian, father of the present popular Prime Minister of Greece.

J. DIONYSIUS LOVERDO.

VARIOUS READINGS IN AN INTERPOLATION IN DANTE.

St. Edmund Hall, Oxford: May 26, 1883.

While examining recently the MSS. of the "Divina Commedia" in the Bibliothèque nationale at Paris, I discovered once more the singular lines in *Inf. canto xxxiii.* first noticed by Dr. Greg. Palmieri in a MS. in the Bodleian Library (Canon. Ital. No. 103), and communicated by him to the *Athenaeum* on August 21, 1875. Later, he found a slightly varied version of the same lines, not *in situ*, but on the fly-sheet of a MS. in the Chigi Library (No. 292) at Rome. These lines (from the Oxford MS.) have also been discussed by the late Dr. Karl Witte in the second series of his *Dante Forschungen*, p. 493, &c., and by Prof. d'Ancona in two numbers of the *Rassegna Settimanale*—January 19 and February 9, 1879. Finally, an interesting letter appeared in the *Athenaeum* of August 24, 1879, from the pen of Mr. A. J. Butler, giving a reference to Matteo Villani, fixing, with some probability, the events referred to in this fragment as occurring in 1355.

I subjoin the three texts at present known. The orthography of the several MSS. has been modernised, but no further changes have been made in the way of emendation.

Bodleian MS.

Quando così parlato latraffita [?] Guardai dall' altro canto e vidi un fritto
Lo qual piangea tremando la corata.
Ed io gli dissi: Perché se' tu così fritto?
Io ti conosco ben che se' Lucchese,
Qual fallo ti recò così confitto?
Ed egli a me: Poiché tu sai mie offese,
Perché pur mi molesti? Va alla tua via
Se torni mai in su nel buon paese.
Io non mi partirò, a lui diss' io, pria
Se non mi conti perchè se' qua dentro,
Che non può esser senza gran follia.
Poiché ti piace dico fuor talento
Che per l' inganno ch' io ai grandi usai
Ch' al popolo i sommessi a tradimento
L' inferno mi riceve sempre mai
Vanne e non portar di me ambasciata
Perchè qua dentro tu trovato m' hai.

Chigi MS. (on fly-sheet only).

Quand' ebbe sì parlato la vistata [?] Guardai dall' altro canto e vidi un fitto
Che piangeva, e gli tremava la corata.
Ed io gli dissi, Perché se' qui fitto?
Io ti conosco ben che se' Lucchese.
Qual fallo ti recò così confitto?
Ed egli a me: Poiché tu sai mie offese
Perché pur mi molesti? Va a tua via
Se tu ritorni su nel buon paese.
Io non mi partirò, diss' io, pria
Se non mi conti perchè se' qua dentro
Che non può esser senza gran follia.
Poiché ti piace, dico fuor talento
Che per l' inganno ch' io ai grandi usai,
Il popolo i' sommessi a tradimento
Perpetuo son qui dentro a questi lai
Vanne, e più non mi far omai ambascia
Poich' io t' ho detto li miei forti gual.

Paris MS. (No. 427 Batines).

Quand' ebbi così parlato esta fiata, Guardai dall' altro canto, e vidi un fritto
Piangendo orribilmente tutta fiata.

Ed i' gli dissi, Se' tu costì dritto
 I' riconosco ben che se' Lucchese;
 Qual fallo ti reò tanto giù fitto?
 Ed egli a me, quand' a guardar mi prese,
 Perché pur mi molesti, e va tua via
 Se tu ritorni su nel buon paese.
 I' non mi partirò, dissi lui, pria
 Se conto non mi fai perché quà entro
 Se' tanto basso tra la gente ria.
 Ed egli a me, I' l' dico fuor talento,
 Che per l' inganno ch' io a' grandi usai
 Ch' al popol l' i' sommisai a tradimento
 Concoito mi riceve sempre mai.
 Or ten va, non dir di me ambasciata
 Poiché tra' traditori trovato m' hai.

1. Since 1876 I have examined, for various purposes, at least 150 MSS. of the "Divina Commedia," always (*inter alia*) looking for this passage. I have never met with any trace of it until I came upon it in this Paris MS.

2. It is very curious and instructive to note the wide differences of reading which occur even in a passage so rarely found. This is scarcely an exaggerated illustration of the treatment to which the text of the genuine poem has been subjected in very many places, and may serve to indicate the great difficulty by which the restoration of the text is beset.

3. The three texts exhibit the same puzzling interchange of agreements and divergencies which are found in MSS. generally. This too may illustrate the extreme difficulty and intricacy of the problem of tracing families or groups of MSS. Thus, ll. 4, 6, 7, 11, 12, 13 show the Chigi and Bodleian MSS. in general agreement, and the Paris text independent of them. *Per contra*, l. 9 shows an agreement of the Chigi and Paris MSS.; while in ll. 16 and 18 the Chigi text is independent, and the Bodleian and Paris MSS. are in relationship, though not in close agreement.

4. The Paris MS. is, I think, certainly of the fourteenth century, though probably late in it. Consequently, the origin of these verses is thrown back at least fifty years earlier than was indicated by the Oxford MS. If Mr. Butler's ingenious suggestion, in the letter above referred to, be correct, we may hope to find a still earlier copy.

5. One or two more points occur to me as to this fragment in the Paris text:—

a. *Fiata* repeated in the rhyme in ll. 1 and 3 is, of course, inadmissible. The same remark applies to *fitto* in ll. 2 and 4 of the Chigi version. Dante admits the repetition of a word identical in spelling if it be a noun in one case and a verb in the other, or (in one instance, at any rate) even the same noun in a different sense. I refer to *palma* in *Par.* ix. 121-23. The case of *Christo* is, of course, an exception, for obvious reasons. (This word is always repeated as a rhyme to itself in the four different places where it occurs.) The bitterly ironical repetition of *amenda* in *Purg.* xx. 65, &c., is another exception.

b. In the Paris text there is a more direct imitation of *Inf.* xix. 50 and 52 in ll. 4 and 6 than in the other versions.

c. The orthography of this MS. is not very marked, but seems to have a Venetian tinge. The Venetian character of the Oxford MS. is unmistakable on every page.

In the Commentary which accompanies the text, the Venetian orthography is much more marked, so that the scribe was probably a Venetian, who naturally allowed himself more licence in dialectic forms in the notes than in the text.

d. I cannot trace any relationship between the text of this MS. generally and that of the Bodleian MS., so far as can be judged from some twenty passages which I noted as peculiar in the Paris MS. I unfortunately had not with me a far larger number of peculiar or testing passages which I noted when collating the Oxford MS.

I should have stated that the MS. in question in Paris is designated Ital. 540, and is No. 427 in Batines. I was very much surprised to find, on reference to Batines, the existence of this interpolation already recorded by him (*i.e.*, before 1846) as having been noticed by Ferrari, though it seems to have attracted no attention. The verses are not quoted, but merely described as "sei goffi terzetti ivi introdotti per trafiggere un innominato Lucchese," &c.

The MS. must have belonged to Pio VI., since the binding has the tiara and well-known Braschi arms.
 E. MOORE.

THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT: WAS IT BY SEA?

Cairo: April 30 (Coptic Easter Monday), 1883.

It has always been assumed by the commentators that Joseph, accompanied by the Virgin and infant Saviour, undertook the arduous journey from Bethlehem by Gaza and el-'Arish to Ismailia and Memphis. It is true that legendary art and later tradition represent the Holy Family to have been protected by miraculous interposition on the difficult undertaking. Without divine aid, specially rendered, it is impossible to conceive that it could have been accomplished. The route must always have been costly and fatiguing. In this case it was peculiarly unsuitable. Traversed by Roman couriers, and patrolled to the north of the "river of Egypt" by the soldiers of Herod, the little party must have excited the attention it sought to avoid, and a report would have been at once made to the officer charged with the murderous duty of slaughtering the infants of Bethlehem. The frontier-fortress of Rhinocollura would have been an insuperable obstacle. The desert and the sea offered no alternative road. There is nothing, however, in the sacred narrative to imply that Joseph did not act as anyone else seeking to escape from Southern Palestine would undoubtedly do. St. Matthew says that when the Magi

"were departed, behold, the angel of the Lord appeareth to Joseph in a dream, saying, Arise, take the young child and his mother and flee into Egypt, and be thou there until I bring thee word: for Herod will seek the young child to destroy him. When he arose [*ὁ δὲ ἐγερθεὶς*] he took the young child and his mother by night and departed [*ἀνεχώρησεν*] into Egypt: and was there until the death of Herod."

Starting a little before dawn, he would make his way to the coast, where a boat might have been procured at any point between Azotus and Gaza. Having baffled pursuit at the start, the numerous mouths of the Nile offered a similar opportunity of entering Egypt unobserved. The Coptic tradition of Matariyeh tends to confirm this view. The holy places of Egypt were not "invented" to satisfy an Empress-mother, nor are they conveniently distributed along favourite pilgrim roads. This legend, therefore, may be taken as showing how the passage was interpreted at an early period. The Virgin rested where she disembarked, not far from the junction of the Pelusiac branch of the Nile with the parent stream.

They undoubtedly returned by water. For

"when Herod was dead, behold, an angel of the Lord appeareth in a dream to Joseph in Egypt, saying, Arise, and take the young child and his mother and go into the land of Israel: and he arose and took the young child and his mother and came into the land of Israel."

There is no reason for supposing that the term "land of Israel," used nowhere else in the New Testament, should have been employed by the first evangelist in any other than its common restricted application to the region previously inhabited by the ten tribes. This explains away a difficulty which is often felt. For, "when" having landed at Caesarea

or Sycaminum (Haifa), and travelling southwards,

"he heard that Archelaus did reign in Judaea in the room of his father Herod, he was afraid to go thither [*ἐκείνῳ ἀρελθεῖν*], notwithstanding being warned of God in a dream,"

he obeyed the divine mandate as he had received it (*gy.* in Egypt) and

"turned aside [*ἀνεχώρησεν*] into the parts of Galilee: and he came and dwelt in a city called Nazareth."

COPE WHITEHOUSE.

IN MODERN GREEK.

3 Denbigh Villas, Addiscombe:
 May 30, 1883.

Your correspondent Mr. T. H. Plowman, criticising the seventh edition of Liddell and Scott's Lexicon, is doubtless right in saying, "Probably in Solomon's Song i. 10, iv. 10, and vii. 6, the neuter interrogative *τί* means 'How;'" but when he adds, "as it does in modern Greek," the statement requires some qualification. I am not aware that at present *τί* is ever used as an interjectional "How" in combination with verbs. Phrases like *τί ἐκαλλιόθησαν*, *τί ὠραϊόθησαν*, are not, I think, idiomatic Greek. On the other hand, *τί* with an adjective, generally followed by the connecting particle *τοῦ*, is of frequent occurrence in this sense. So common a colloquialism does not require to be illustrated by examples from literature for anyone familiar with the spoken Greek of to-day; but, for the sake of those who may wish for chapter and verse, I may cite the popular comedy *Ἡ Κόρη τοῦ Παντοπόλου*, by Angelos S. Vlachos, sc. ix., where the phrase is found twice—viz., *Τί ἀρχημοῦ τοῦ εἶσαι*, "How ugly you are!" and, again, *Τί ἀνέστος τοῦ εἶσαι*, "How disagreeable you are!"

E. M. GELDART.

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

MONDAY, June 4, 5 p.m. Royal Institution: General Monthly Meeting.

7.30 p.m. Aristotelian: "Kant's Critic of Pure Reason" (continued), by Mr. W. R. Dunstan.

TUESDAY, June 5, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "Physiological Discovery," X., by Prof. McKendrick.

8 p.m. Biblical Archaeology: "Underground Structures in Biblical Lands," by the Rev. A. Löwy.

8.30 p.m. Zoological: "Embryological Testimony to General Homology," by Prof. Owen; "Some New Genera and Species of Spiders," by the Rev. O. P. Cambridge; "List of Lepidoptera collected by Mr. H. O. Forbes in the Islands of Timor Laut," by Mr. A. G. Butler.

WEDNESDAY, June 6, 8 p.m. Geological: "The Estuaries of the Severn and its Tributaries: an Enquiry into the Nature and Origin of their Tidal Sediment and Alluvial Flats," by Prof. W. J. Sollas; "A Collection of Fossils and of Book-specimens from West Australia, North of the Gascoyne River," by Mr. W. H. Hudleston; "The Geology of the Troad," by Mr. J. S. Diller; "The Relative Ages of Certain River-valleys in Lincolnshire," by Mr. A. J. Jukes-Browne.

8 p.m. British Archaeological: "Dove Abbey," by Mr. T. Blashill; "Ancient Stone Circle near Liverpool," by Mr. C. Romilly Allen; "The Chained Library at Cherbury," by Mr. W. Wilding.

THURSDAY, June 7, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "Recent Discoveries in Cyprus and Asia Minor," by Mr. R. S. Poole.

7.30 p.m. Gymnædorian: A Paper by Mr. Thomas Powell.

8 p.m. Linnean: "New or Rare Monocotyledonous Plants from Madagascar," by Mr. H. N. Ridley; "Some Japan *Benthidae*," by Mr. George Lewis; "Fertilisation of the Asclepiads," by Mr. T. H. Corry; "Habits of the Termites of Rangoon," by Mr. Robert Romanis.

8 p.m. Society for the Encouragement of the Fine Arts: "The Influence of Religion on Art in Antiquity," by M. G. Bertin.

8.30 p.m. Antiquaries.
 FRIDAY, June 8, 8 p.m. New Shakspeare: "Some of the Textual Difficulties in 'Winter's Tale,' &c.," by Dr. Brinsley Nicholson.

9 p.m. Royal Institution: "The Electric Arc and Chemical Synthesis," by Prof. Dewar.

SATURDAY, June 9, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "Russian Social Life," IV., by Prof. Turner.

8 p.m. Physical: "Improved Construction of the Moveable Ring Galvanometer, adapted for measuring both Strength of Current and Difference of Potential," by Dr. E. Obach.

SCIENCE.

Babrius. Edited, with Introductory Dissertations, Critical Notes, Commentary, and Lexicon, by W. Gunion Rutherford. (Macmillan.)

WE hail this work, in which the editor worthily sustains the high reputation won by his *New Phrynichus*—a volume justly described as a monumental addition to the masterpieces of English scholarship. How wide a gap separates the criticism of the present day from some achievements of scholarship half-a-century ago may be seen by contrasting for a moment the article on the Fables of Babrius in the first volume of the *Philological Museum* (Cambridge; 1832) with the stately edition now put forth by Mr. Rutherford. Such a flood of light has been thrown on our knowledge of the subject during the interval—by the discovery, in 1840, of the main parcel of the Fables, 120 in number, in the library of the monastery of St. Laura on Mount Athos, by the Macedonian Greek Menas; and, subsequently, in 1878, by Knoell's rediscovery of the Vatican Codex (whence de Furi's collection had been published in 1809), after it had eluded the search of Niebuhr—that the previous *tentamina* of scholars must be regarded as mere curiosities of the past. We may smile at the treble error as to the date, the nationality, and the relative age of the writer betrayed by the statement that "at no long time prior to the Augustan age a Greek poet, named Babrias or Babrius, published a collection of fables under the title of *μῦθοι* or *μυθίαμφοι*, from which the Fables of Phaedrus are closely imitated" (*Philological Museum*, p. 282). We may smile, also, though with different feelings, at the righteous indignation of Mr. Rutherford at the fact of the later batch of ninety-five fables, now well known to have been a fabrication concocted by Menas, having actually been edited as genuine in 1859, "to the eternal disgrace of English scholarship." This, unless we are mistaken, is the only allusion that Mr. Rutherford deigns to make to their learned, though in this instance misguided, editor, if we except some references on p. 89, and that in the penultimate fragment he admits his conjecture of *λείματος* in place of *χείματος*, as read by Suidas. Should he not also have credit for the reading *αὐτῶ* in place of Suidas' *ἀμῶ*, a reading adopted in the present edition (Fab. lxxxviii. 19)? Before passing on, we may here observe that we cannot but regret in the present volume the want of respect for scholars born before Cobet—e.g., in the allusion on p. 72 to William Dindorf.

Of Babrius himself next to nothing is known. The residuum of fact that we arrive at with regard to him is that he was an Italian who, following the practice of writers of the second century after Christ—e.g., Marcus Aurelius, Claudius Aelianus, and Dion Cassius—preferred to express himself in Greek. While his diction is not at variance with the Greek writers of his age, his versification—as Mr. Rutherford fully establishes in his excellent account of the Babrian scazon—exhibits clear proof of Italian parentage, and "displays partialities markedly Italian." There seems good reason for be-

lieving his full name to have been Valerius Babrius, both from the evidence afforded by the beginning of the Athoan Codex, the corruption in which, with a convincing explanation, is exhibited by our editor, and also from the heading given by the author of the Notes in the Harleian Collection. The third and last morsel of fact ascertained about him is that he lived at the time of the Emperor Alexander Severus (A.D. 222–35), either in the character of an ordinary literary retainer of the Court, by whom, as Lampridius tells us, that Emperor loved to be surrounded; or else as tutor to his son, the Branchus twice mentioned in the first, and identical, as Mr. Rutherford believes, with the boy addressed in the opening of the second, Preface. On the undoubted genuineness of this second Preface (inserted in alphabetical order among the fables themselves) depends the above date; which, if admitted, will necessitate a correction in some even of the best and latest histories of Greek literature, where Babrius is still placed nearly two centuries earlier. The ingenious conjecture (note on p. xx.) seems highly probable that our author (the form of whose name—Babrius by metathesis for Barbius—is paralleled in *ferveo* and *febris*, &c.) may have even been related to Sallustia Barbia Orbiana, one of the three wives of Alexander Severus, whose existence is known to us solely through a few coins and inscriptions. To rest content with this scanty knowledge is far better than to indulge in fanciful theories such as Mr. Rutherford has "willingly forgotten," and all will echo the sound words with which he concludes the first of his four valuable dissertations.

The place which Babrius holds in the history of Greek Fable is not a very important one; though his verses seem to have met with popularity very soon after their first appearance, and are referred to in the middle of the third century, certainly once, if not oftener, by the Emperor Julian "in a way which suggests that they were well known and easily accessible." Even by the time of Aesop (about whom Mr. Rutherford is of opinion that he must be regarded as a real personage, and that the date assigned to him by Herodotus—*circa* 610 B.C.—is approximately true) society had travelled far away from the simple early state in which fictions like the Beast Fable first arose. The conventional mode of dealing with the fable which gradually came in is denounced in strong terms by Mr. Rutherford. He thinks it probable that by the time of Demetrius Phalereus (300 B.C.)

"the paltry practice had begun of making the study of fable the first step in the teaching of rhetoric, which, if it has preserved the fables of Greece and Rome, has at the same time preserved them in a condition so artificial and corrupt that for purposes of scientific research they are practically valueless."

There was a demand for school text-books of fable, and Mr. Rutherford thinks it possible that the Babrian collection is nothing more than a paraphrase or verse translation of the *δεκαμυθία* of Nicostratus, a contemporary of the rhetor Hermogenes (*circa* 170 A.D.).

How low an opinion our editor has of his own author, and how useless he considers him

for any scientific enquiry into the history of folk-lore, is sufficiently seen when we read that "there is hardly a fable in the whole collection that does not betray traces of an artificial age." And, again, that

"there is not a single apologue which will shed any light upon the origins of fable, except so far as it demonstrates by its presence in a Græco-Roman collection of the Imperial times that it was either derived from either one or other of the races which formed the empire, or was concocted by the collector himself or some literary predecessor."

One special feature of the fable during its later and inferior stages is copiously illustrated by Mr. Rutherford in this volume. It is that many fables are but amplifications of proverbs, as Quintilian (*Inst. Orat.* v. 21) says conversely that a proverb is often a concentrated fable, "*παροιμία* genus illud, quod est velut fabella brevior." In his fourth dissertation we hardly know whether to admire most the caution and modesty that decline to embark on the question as to the sources of Fable, "to handle the fine threads of primeval lore," or the wealth of illustration with which points really cognate to his subject are treated by our editor. Of these we can only notice briefly the following:—After contrasting the childishness of the Orientals with the greater manliness of the Greeks, he expresses his belief that the latter were

"as a nation steeped to the heart in fable. It was the lowest stratum of their knowledge, underlying even that concerning the gods and heroes, and was as much a part of themselves as were the natural features of the country in which they grew up, the house in which they were born, the dove-cot and its occupants, the midden at the door."

He next gives from Hesiod an instance of the direct method of employing fable, and then proceeds to illustrate its allusive application (of the modern use of which two apposite parallels are quoted from Tennyson) in Greek literature from Solon, Sophocles, and Aristophanes. With the last of these writers, the habit of introducing a fable with Aesop's name becomes stereotyped. More than one interesting question arises in the course of the argument by which his position that fable was a common background of knowledge for all Greeks is amply supported. Nor must we omit to mention, in passing, the explanation (note, p. xxxiv.) of the phrase *οὐδ' Αἰσωπον πεπάρηκας*, hitherto rendered "Have you thumbed your Aesop?" which suggests with great probability a transference of the proverb *Ἀρχιλοχον πατρίς*.

The history of the text is treated at great length in the thirty pages of the last dissertation. The Athoan Codex is fully described. It is a cursive MS., to be assigned, according to Mr. Rutherford, probably to the tenth century, a few of its errors, as is pointed out in the Appendix, dating certainly from uncial times. In spite of the caligraphy, the present editor is by no means blind to its defects. These consist chiefly of (1) undoubted interpolations, among which no mercy is naturally shown to the epimythia, abounding as they do in "every kind of error in metre, accident, and syntax;" (2) of literary "cobbling," seen especially in the early attempts to conceal MS. corruptions; (3) of inconsistencies and other mistakes in spelling. Each of these

points is illustrated in detail. The other sources of the text are well discussed, and some important influences mentioned that have affected it, such as the practice already adverted to of using the fable to impart the elements of rhetoric, and the fact that the choliambics of Babrius were addressed to a child. But we must leave this part of our subject. The text, as is admitted, "like that of almost every late Greek writer, must remain, in many respects, uncertain;" but we may confidently assert that it has never yet been presented in so satisfactory a condition, even should some of Mr. Rutherford's conjectures not be accepted. Of these we would mention, as perhaps the most felicitous (Fab. 88, 11), *καὶρός ἐστιν ἀλλύειν*, to which Suidas' reading, *καὶ λύνειν*, led the way, and (Fab. 185, 10) *ἔσχατ' ἀνδρῶν*, where the corruption had arisen from a similar apocope of *ἀνά*; (Fab. 107, 3) *τοῦθ' ὄρων* for *τὸν θῆρα*, and the three emendations in Fab. 99. Of the proposed reading *πεντάθλοις* (Fab. 137, 3) we confess to feeling some doubt, in spite of the passage adduced from Tzetzes (why does Mr. Rutherford call him Tzetzes?); and we observe that the editor himself, instead of his more usual "fidenter," or "non sine fiducia," prefers, in this instance, the less positive "dubitanter."

But, after all, the chief interest of the present volume is its contribution to linguistic enquiry. The attraction that the study of Babrius presents apart from this cannot be regarded as very considerable. Some, with whom we confess to a feeling of sympathy, will weary of the monotonous choliambic metre, to pass from which to one of the popular tales of the Norse, as presented by Sir G. Dasent, is like exchanging the close air of a lecture-room for the freshness of a mountain-side. Others will prefer, when they turn over the pages of the fabulist, to do so with the accompaniment of the quaint wood-cuts of Sebastian Brandt, or the pretty plates of the numerous eighteenth-century editions of Aesop, or the latest illustrations of Mr. Caldecott. But all scholars, and all teachers of Greek who appreciate thoroughness of execution, will feel a deep debt of gratitude to Mr. Rutherford for the masterly erudition and the subtle discrimination contained in this volume. In the fourth dissertation, and throughout the notes, he illustrates still further "the fundamental distinction between language as an instinctive natural development and as a product of literary manipulation," and occasionally (as in p. 81) supplements or corrects the conclusions arrived at in his former work. The two clues to the anomalies of Babrian Greek, "mixo-barbarism in the spoken language and lettered affectation in the written," are fully worked out under the heads of "Vocabulary," "Inflections," and "Syntax." Of the Latinisms included under the first of these—to which perhaps might be added *Σύρων* for *Assyriων*, reminding us of the Horatian interchange of Syrus and Assyrius—numerous good instances are supplied; and of the influence of Latin syntactical idiom a striking example is given, in the note on *γνώσῃ πόσον πᾶσι μεταξὺ καὶ πόσον ταύρου* (Fab. 91, 8), in the double use of *inter* by Cicero and Horace. The late use of the

subjunctive might also have been adduced in one or two places—e.g., in the corrupt fragment 137, where for *δοῦναι φέρη* we should have in Attic the future indicative. Many other traces of late Greek and peculiarities of Babrian style are given, of which Mr. Rutherford's familiarity with writers of the decadence, such as Longus and Heliodorus, enables him to quote very apt illustrations. Nor are these merely pieces of lexicographical information, but often, as in Fab. 101, 5, are of direct service towards the settlement of the text. Among the many instructive notes that elucidate points of Greek scholarship—some of them formulated here for the first time—we had marked at least a score, but space forbids our doing more than draw attention to (1) the treatment of the perfect imperative (pp. 22, 73); (2) the discussion of the best Attic forms of the aorist and perfect of *ἀλίσκομαι* (p. 19); (3) the clear statement of the evidence as to the augment of the three verbs *βούλομαι*, *δύναμαι*, *μέλλω* (pp. 12, 13); (4) the examination of the causes of exceptions to the regular construction of *ἐλπίζω* (*ibid.*); (5) the doctrine laid down in the note on *ᾠνῇ* (pp. 53–55) as to the limited use of the *-ω* inflection by verbs in *-ναι*. This last affords one of the best specimens of Mr. Rutherford's exhaustive method. He does not hesitate, where his generalisations require it, to combat the conclusions arrived at by Liddell and Scott, Veitch, and Goodwin. We should have expected some note on the construction *ἐφ' ᾧ λάβωσι* (Fab. 93, 3), which we take to be partly a Latinism, like the one mentioned above, and partly a late use for the regular *ἐφ' ᾧ* τε with the infinitive. Two instances of its being constructed with the future indicative are quoted by Goodwin from Thucydides, and two from Herodotus; but this use of the subjunctive is quite exceptional. In the same fable, the important distinction, not observed by Babrius, between *ἔξοις μὴ νέμεισθαι* and *οὐκ ἔξοις νέμεισθαι* might have been pointed out. For the late confusion of *οὐ* and *μὴ* we are referred in the fourth dissertation to the *Index Graecitatis*; but of the former particle no abnormal uses are quoted either there or in the notes. We have noted two at least—*εἰ φίλους οὐκ ἔσχε* (Fab. 46, 10) and *εἶθε οὐκ ὥφθης* (Fab. 131, 15). The explanatory notes are few compared with those which discuss grammatical forms; and the sense of some words (e.g., *στοιχείων*, p. 69, and *βοῶτης*, p. 57) is not always illustrated, as it might be, from the usage of later Greek. To the list of errata a very few misprints that we have marked might be added; so as to read in p. 17b, l. 6, *προαπελθεῖν*, and "eandem" l. 6 of the critical note; p. 60, Fab. 59, l. 3, *ἐκπρεπέστατον*; p. 74, Fab. 75, l. 19, *καπώμοσ'* (the Index contains the same misprint, *ἀπώμοσ'*); and *πῶντες* in the note on v. 13 in the same page.

In conclusion, we part with this edition with hearty thanks, and a confident prediction that it is destined to hold a permanent place among the great works of English scholarship of our time. We may say of it what Prof. Jebb says of the *Dissertation* of Bentley—himself the first to make Babrius more than a mere name—that it is "a store-

house of erudition and an example of method," and may point to it, to quote once more his words, as a signal illustration of the importance of "not allowing the mere authority of tradition to supersede the free exercise of independent judgment."

FRANCIS ST. JOHN THACKERAY.

SCIENCE NOTES.

At a meeting of the subscribers to the Balfour Memorial Fund held at Cambridge last Saturday, it was announced that the subscriptions, paid or promised, amounted to a total of £8,309, which would yield nearly £300 a-year. It was resolved that the income of the fund should be applied:

"(1) To endow a studentship, the holder of which shall devote himself to original research in biology, especially animal morphology.

"(2) To further, by occasional grants of money, original research in the same subject."

The regulations adopted provide that the studentship shall not be awarded by competitive examination; that candidates shall not necessarily be members of Cambridge University; and that the term shall be three years, subject to re-election for an additional term of three years.

THE sixth annual meeting of the Midland Union of Natural History Societies will be held on Tuesday, June 12, at Tamworth, in the banqueting hall of the castle. For the following day excursions have been arranged to Hartshill and the Roman station of Manduessedum, and to Lichfield and the Roman station of Etoctum.

STUDENTS of palaeontology will be glad to hear that Prof. Quenstedt, of Tübingen, has commenced the publication of an important work entitled *Die Ammoniten des Schwäbischen Jura*. It is believed that the publication will extend over four or five years. The first part, just issued, is accompanied by six quarto plates of lithographs representing some of the more interesting forms of the ammonites of the Jurassic rocks of Swabia. The ammonites form a singularly interesting group of fossils, and have received the attention of naturalists from very early times. The *Cornu ammonis* of Pliny and the venerated *salagrama* of the Hindu are simply ammonites.

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

ROYAL HISTORICAL SOCIETY.—(Thursday, May 19.) JAMES HEYWOOD, Esq., in the Chair.—Sir Bartle Frere read a paper on "Materials for a History of Temperate South Africa." He said that, although the history of South Africa did not go back with any accuracy to a remote period, a careful study of it would lead to the discovery of reasons for many of our present troubles, and, what was still more important, the discovery of the way out of them. There were found throughout the country only three great families of the human race which preceded the arrival of Europeans—namely, the Bushmen, the Hottentots, and the Kaffirs. There were, however, traces of prehistoric man, in the shape of stone walls and implements not used by the present races, and also of unknown animals, all of which were to be found in the caves and gravel deposits of the country, and which probably required only archaeological research to elucidate their origin. Much might be read in the books of the Greek historians—notably in Strabo—of what had been learned from Phœnician and European sources of a second period of African history, but many of the stories told would seem to be such as were likely to have been narrated by illiterate seamen. The first people from whom we gained accurate information as to South Africa were the Portuguese, who named the Cape of Good Hope, but who told us very little about the aborigines. They were in turn followed by the Dutch and the

English, who for a long time acted in concert. The early Dutch occupation was purely commercial, in no way intended as colonisation; and so it remained until 1795, when the first revolutionary war broke out, and the first English occupation of the Cape took place in the name of the Stadtholder. Later on it was taken by the British under Sir David Baird; and the statements of the commanders of those days would prove very instructive to those who now contend that we should content ourselves with holding the place as a second Gibraltar, for they were to the effect that a very much larger number of soldiers was required than we have in the colony at present. There are very good materials in existence for a history of the Dutch occupation, while that of the English is to be gathered principally from Blue-Books, though many excellent works of travel are extant. From 1807 down to 1853 there was a gradual development of the English colony, as it was constructed by great soldiers who had fought under the Duke of Wellington. They were far from faultless—most governors were—but they were strong and able Englishmen, who, though they governed absolutely at first, gave very considerable play to the national love of liberty. At the close of the great Peninsular War there was a considerable lack of employment such as at present exists for the middle classes, and a scheme of emigration to South Africa was proposed. Parliament voted £50,000 in aid of this scheme. Judicious selections were made from among the applications which poured in from labourers and middle-class people, and a number of men were sent out—not as paupers—who would be welcomed in any society. They had remained there and thriven, till they had developed into patriarchal landowners with the destinies of their fellow-creatures in their hands, which they were more competent to watch over than the middle classes of our own country. After many struggles, parliamentary representation was granted to the colony in 1853, and about twelve years ago this was followed by the grant of responsible government. This period was full of interest and importance, and our present lack of a defined native policy was due simply to our not sufficiently studying past history.—A discussion followed, in which Miss A. M. Buckland and Messrs. Hyde Clarke, Hurst, Pagliardini, and C. Walford took part.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.—(Thursday, May 24.)

H. S. MILMAN, Esq., Director, in the Chair.—The Rev. F. Creeny exhibited a splendid collection of twenty-eight rubbings of foreign brasses. The earliest in date was that of Bishop Ysowilpe, from the church of St. Andrew at Verden, near Bremen, who died in 1231. The bishop holds a castle and a church in his hand. The style is evidently in imitation of an incised stone slab. Another thirteenth-century example was the brass of Bishop Otto, at Hildesheim, also holding a model of the castle which he built. From Schwerin, Mr. Creeny had obtained a rubbing of a brass with the figures of two bishops, surmounted by a most elaborate canopy covered with figures of saints and hunting scenes. In another, from Lübeck, savage men are introduced beneath the feet of the figures. The most interesting portion of the collection was the monument of Frederick the Good, Duke of Saxony (ob. 1464), his three children, Albert, Ernest, and Amalia, and the wife of Ernest—Sidonie, daughter of George Podiebrad, King of Bohemia. The last is said to be from a design by Albrecht Dürer. In spite of the ugliness of the dress, the figure is extremely pleasing, and the architectural background very effective. The rubbing gives the idea of a painted window rather than of a brass. The numerous coats and crests in these ducal monuments afford a good study of German heraldry. Another very curious specimen was a representation of the Ascension, with the persons commemorated kneeling in the foreground—Mr. Butler exhibited a pre-Reformation chalice, with three dogs for feet, from Marston, near Oxford.

BROWNING SOCIETY.—(Friday, May 25.)

THE REV. MARK PATTISON, B.D., in the Chair.—A paper was read by the Rev. H. J. Bulkeley on "James Lee's Wife." The poem describes, not in detail, but by lyrical flashes, an unhappy mar-

ried life, so far as it has its effect on the mood and, at last, on the critical conduct of the wife. What made the married life of the two so out of joint that "On Deck" came to be the end of it was, for one thing, lack or decay of beauty in the wife; but, for the most part, merely incompatibility of temperament, of character, of aim. She was a poet, an artist, fond of reveries, fancies, feelings; liking the idea of love in a cottage; wishing to give and to receive endearments of devotion. James Lee had no sympathy with his wife's poetic tendencies; and no doubt he showed his growing dislike of being cooped with her, in cold weather, in a foreign country, in a house of four rooms. Lessons of endurance, of resignation, and hope, from art, nature, philosophy, and religion, were either not assimilated by her, or took their bent of sudden growth from her characteristic tendencies. She knew, or fancied, that he no longer loved her at all, and, without abandoning the broad shadow of a hope that somehow, somewhere, love might make him hers as she was wholly his, she leaves him and finds her life's work in some other sphere. In "At the Window" the note of coming disaster is sharply struck, but is lost in the rapture of approaching joy. The difference in time between this and the next part, "By the Fireside," is very great. The bright *allegro* has passed into this low broken movement. The tragic mask is on. In "In the Doorway" we find her in no brighter mood. The swallows will soon be flown; the sea, the fig-tree, the vine, everything is stricken with the coming winter. She feels a more chilling winter in her own heart; but must winter be allowed to dominate their hearts? Nay, God's spirit is in them, which can make a happy world for itself. But ("Along the Beach") it is of no use: she had loved him and loves him still, not because he was good or greatly good, but because she loved him. That women of poetry and sentiment have lavished, and do lavish, their affluence of affection on men with spiritual qualities very inferior to their own no one will deny. In "On the Cliff" she is again gazing on the outside world. Her soul receives a momentary ray of brightness from the sight of a bright grasshopper that springs up from the dead grass, a butterfly that settles on the rock. The minds of men such as her husband may be level and low, burnt and bare, but love may beautify even them. "Reading a Book under the Cliff," she shuts the book in despair. Here is this young poet amusing himself by fancying what the wind says to him, so certain of all he is and is to be. Let him wait till he has grown older and looked the facts of life in the face. Change, change, change, is what the wind says. "Only for man, how bitter not to grave On his soul's hands' palms one fair good wise thing. Just as he grasped it." "Among the Rocks." The old giant may be mere brown old earth, but he smiles for he knows that he is made beautiful by the rippling of the tide on his feet. By self-denial, by reverent service, you give and also gain heaven. "Beside the Drawing-Board." She no longer mentally addresses her husband. She argues more abstractedly. The cast tells its own tale to the imaginative sympathiser. As I, the mere "worm," have tried passionately to draw the cast, so the "God" (Leonardo) tried to draw the real dead hand from which the cast was taken. In the third section James Lee's wife has learnt her lesson from the little girl with the poor, coarse hand, the lesson that she must leave this life of artistic idling; of selfish longing to grasp what was fading from her eyes; of hopeless, impotent craving for her husband's love. Perhaps her absence might work better than her presence on his heart. At any rate, her course has become clear to her: to go and do what she has to do in the world. The die is cast, and in the next poem we find her "On Deck." It is just because there is no more hesitation that the "You, you, you," returns to her lips, that in impassioned words she must pour her heart out at her absent husband's feet. Her husband's love is quite dead and gone. But he has a soul; love may let it loose some day, and he may come to look on her as she looks on him, as a second, a very self.—The Chairman thought that the pathetic situation in the poem was spoiled by the poet's letting us find that, after leaving her husband and beginning a new chapter of life, the wife really loves him and wishes to have him hers.

—Mr. Furnivall defended the naturalness of the situation.—The discussion was further taken part in by Mrs. Sutherland Orr, Miss Drewry, Mr. Alfred Hunt, Miss E. H. Hickey, the Rev. J. S. Jones, and Dr. Berdoe.

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35, IVY LANE, PATERNOSTER ROW.

THE PARIS SALON.

Paris: May 28, 1883.

THE general impression is, I believe, the correct one—the Salon is better this summer than it has been for several years past. The fact is sufficiently recognised. It is not recognised so fully that the superiority is due, in chief, to the work of the younger men—that at the Salon, as at our own Royal Academy, half of the most noticeable work comes from the studios of the uncelebrated, or of those who have been but lately recognised as painters of mark. MM. Cabanel, Gérôme, Bouguereau, retire for a while into obscurity; M. Jules Breton holds his own, notwithstanding the brilliant performance of his own child, his daughter; but, in the main, the success is for the younger or the less famous. Bonnat can hardly add to his reputation; his portrait of the American Minister does, however, sustain it. But M. Carolus Duran, at times a brilliant colourist, and always a brilliant executant, proceeds only to a further betrayal of that vulgarity which his portrait of Lady Dalhousie at the Royal Academy sufficiently revealed to English eyes. He has a portrait and a subject-picture. The second is singularly meaningless; the first characteristically pretentious. I say "characteristically," and the word would be a hard one did I suffer it to stand unqualified. Let it, then, be made plain that it is chiefly the later art of M. Carolus Duran that is wanting in simplicity, though there may always have been felt, in the brilliance of his talent, a certain inability to address himself to the sympathetic portrayal of the character that belongs neither to the *monde* nor to the *demi-monde*, of the character that charms in retirement. M. Carolus Duran is essentially the painter of the people who are in evidence, and who are terribly well aware of how much they owe to society, and of how little they owe to themselves. It is not an interesting world, but it is a world that employs the portrait-painter, and that pays him. M. Bonnat's portrait of the American Minister is probably the finest male portrait of the year in France. Is it too much of a compliment to a young English artist, Mr. Arthur Cope, if one says that it reminds one, by the delicacy of its painting, and by its certain and subtle draughtsmanship, of Mr. Cope's portrait of Mr. Harry Rogers in the present Royal Academy? M. Dubois, the sculptor, sends portraits, but they lack a colourist's virtues, though they have those of a modeller. Mdlle. Abbema sends a head of

M. Auguste Vitu, the veteran dramatic critic of the *Figaro*. The vivacity of a true critical genius—that fortunate gift of *le tempérament* which a man is either born with or must needs die without—has kept M. Vitu young. The passage of ten years would make a commonplace youth much older than M. Vitu. He is past sixty, they say, and has the air of forty-five. But Mlle. Abbeba's consciousness of this fact has been too pronounced; and, in her portrait of the critic, the critic looks somewhat younger than his son. The picture flatters, but even in its flattery it does not lose hold of the character of the model. There is no posing here as a "Sir Oracle," before whom, when he opens his lips, no dog must bark; but this is truly the fashion in which these observant eyes have looked out upon the world of men and women, and seen the manners of their time and its reflection in the mirror of the stage.

A young foreigner—M. Georges Lehmann—who was born at Moscow, sends the best portrait of a woman, the most refined, the most reticent. It represents, the Catalogue tells us, in the detestable French fashion, a "Mademoiselle L." The head is covered, and the cheeks are shadowed, by a plate-shaped hat; a thin veil covers the flexible features; long tan-coloured gloves are drawn over a jacket of chocolate brown. The picture has two virtues—it is the portrait of a woman, and it is the portrait of a lady. M. Léon Comerre's portrait of Mlle. Achille Fould is a delightful study of a fair young person dressed bewitchingly in a Japanese dressing gown. The face is almost colourless, but refined and delicate in line. Around and below it are the noble and brilliant hues of red, pink, and gold which pertain to the artistic raiment draped round the model. M. Gervex's success in portraiture is of the same attractive, yet doubtful, kind. The subject is the Baronne de Beyens—a woman of fashion arrayed in evening dress. The head counts for little, but the painting becomes spirited when it is no longer humanity that the artist has to deal with. He has put in a feather fan, and indicated its softness, with touches about as few as Velasquez's would have been, and not very much less successful. He has suggested a festoon of roses trailing behind the white satin skirt, and he has done it almost like Mr. Millais at his best. With such a happy boldness has the hand worked in these matters that one forgets how dull must have been the labour that placed the head on the canvas.

The landscapes cannot be accounted on a level with much of the other work. Are the French, like some of our own young English painters, forgetting delicacy in the active research of force? Of landscapes proper there are few which catch the truth of nature, or the facts of nature appropriately subordinated to the needs of art. There is, however, much following of Millet in pieces of which half of the interest is in the figure, and still a little following of Constable, especially as he is seen through the medium of those greater Frenchmen who themselves followed him a generation or two ago. There is a good deal that is commonplace and mediocre. And there is occasionally an audacious experiment not quite without success, as in M. Demont's "La Floraison des Jacinthes," a nursery garden at Ghent, where one square flower-bed succeeds another, slate after blue, pink after red, gray after white—a thing of difficulty, which it was brave to try to do, and extraordinarily clever to do so well. The marines are better than the landscapes. To begin with, there is M. Montenard's "Transport de Guerre, la Corréze," the great ship leaving the harbour of Toulon, and bearing down upon us, as it seems, and cutting swiftly through a fresh blue sea. Then there is M. Renouf's already famous "Le Pilote"—an enormous canvas: you at first resent the size of it; afterwards it

becomes a question whether on a smaller scale so vigorous a representation of the struggle of oarsmen with the volume of the sea could have been equally impressive. In the background is a wicked and threatening sky; leagues of water stretch on either hand; and the rowing boat is just now swung on the ridge of a great passing wave. The strength of the sea is in the picture. You are transported to the scene of the canvas as completely as if the canvas were Mr. Hook's, and the figures are more dramatic, their action more telling. Nor, perhaps, is this an occasion on which it would be fair to reproach the painter with having omitted from his work the fascination of that delicacy which Mr. Hook knows so well how to unite with force. But it is perfectly fair to tell the marine and the landscape painters of France that they must study Mr. Hook a little, and study Turner more. Constable they have appreciated sufficiently. They have learnt nearly all that he can teach them. But there are truths of which he was hardly cognizant, and which must for ever escape them in the study of his work. They should learn from Turner those ampler and more varied truths, and see how they were expressed by a genius of whom flexibility was a characteristic.

Mdme. Demont-Breton's picture, which has been already mentioned as only a little less admirable than the work of M. Jules Breton himself, is styled "La Plage," and represents the sandy and weed-strewn coast of some sunny and southern land, where a dark young mother sits on a hillock, and handles a baby; and one or two other children, one of them with curious agility of figure and vivacity of dark-brown eyes, sport lolling naked in the breeze and the sunshine. An admirable piece of drawing and of modelling, a work of energy, and the work of a person sensitive to glorious colour, this picture assures to Mdme. Demont-Breton a position rarely gained by a woman at five- or six-and-twenty. It is one of the finest pictures in the Salon, its absence of story or of direct appeal to sentiment being more than justified by its capable presentation of human comeliness, its complete beauty of colour and line. No other coast-picture or picture of rural incident is painted with quite the same skill. M. Bastien Lepage gives way to the affectation of dispensing altogether with the sense of atmosphere. What passes in his picture is very pleasant, but everything passes within a yard of your nose. We have to come to those canvases in which a life more strictly modern—the life of cities—is grappled with, to discover even the best technical triumphs won by those painters who deal with groups of figures in the open air. There is M. Arigue's "Un Somnambule extra-lucide," for instance, in which there is some superfluous ugliness, but among the group of on-lookers much perception of character and an intelligent regard of the conditions of air and of light.

This picture, moreover, brings us among those the existence of which gives a special character to the present Salon. At the Salon, as at the Royal Academy, the younger and stronger men are, in the main, devoting themselves to the solution of the interesting problem, how to bring modern life within the domain of art. M. Gervex—of whom I have spoken already in his character of a portrait-painter—is wont to address himself to this question. Nay, one can say more than that—one can say that he is wont to answer it with much dexterity. He is this year, in his important picture, hardly at his best. The subject is "Un Bureau de Bienfaisance"—respectable poor people, to the number of three or four only, are applying for relief at the *guichet*, at the ticket-window, of a gaunt *salle*. The individuals lack character, and therefore the picture, to some extent, lacks interest. It may be that such applicants do really lack character

—that circumstances have not yet forced them to wear their hearts upon their sleeves quite so unmistakably as the wretched crowd of famine-stricken and illness-stricken outcasts who, in Mr. Fildes's great picture, claim entrance to the casual ward of a London workhouse. Yet an artist has always been permitted much of selection and a little of emphasis, and I think it was M. Gervex's business, if he took this theme, to make it a little more interesting. It is a very large picture. The figures occupy but a very small part of it. The upper half contains absolutely nothing that enhances the interest of the story, or adds to our enlightenment respecting it, save the suggestion which we receive of weather and of hardship by observing through the great window of the bureau the house-roofs of Paris gray and white with the soiled snow of cities. M. Giron's great picture, "Deux Sœurs," is another bold and brilliantly successful attempt to reconcile the sordid facts of city life with the requirements of artistic effect. The scene is in front of the Madeleine, and a pretty sister, dishonourably rich, sits in her carriage, and is denounced by a well-conducted sister, honourably poor. The ability of the picture consists less in the story—a story which, if I remember rightly, M. Carolus Duran himself elected to illustrate several years ago—than in the artistic presentment of all the characteristics of the street: movement, colour, light and shade, varieties of character, and the chance grouping of a city crowd have all been studied successfully before this picture was executed. Again, the vivid treatment of modern life where it must naturally be least attractive is exemplified by a gas-light piece of M. Beraud's, "La Brasserie." The place is one of those beer-selling *cafés* of the Latin Quarter, where students who do not work strike up the friendliest of acquaintances with barmaids at least as idle. One of the most brutal of the frequenters of the place lolls in the foreground of the picture. Others are dispersed in middle distances and background. The lighting is correct, the types characteristic, the gestures fairly vivacious. One finds little fault with the treatment; none with the theme. But the painters of the actual need not confine themselves to the haunts of the indolent and the vicious. Every house in Paris, every *atelier*, every back-shop, every *bourgeois* parlour, holds its theme for the artist with the wit to perceive it.

Of the study of the figure for the figure's beauty, and not for any part that it may play in the affairs of the world or of the hearth, M. Feyen Perrin and M. Henner are conspicuous masters. M. Feyen Perrin has been noted before now for his poetical transcripts of fisher and peasant life, but he is this year among the chiefs of the Salon in virtue of a decorative and almost classical composition called "La Danse," in which he has united the interest of vivacious movement with a rare suavity of beauty, and has produced a design so wholly harmonious that it does not seem to be the result of any effort at all. In such poetical composition a certain vagueness of detail has rightfully a place. It is not the business of the artist who deals with the grace of the figure for permanent delight to insist upon the realistic anatomy of the Academical study. A too decisive presentation of the actual might imperil the ideal. Something must be told, but something likewise must be withheld. It is the perception of this truth, the observance of which lies at the root of all high success in the more refined rendering of the figure, that is the source of much of the charm of M. Henner's work, different as that work is from M. Feyen Perrin's. Henner's "La Femme qui lit"—a long figure over whose whiteness there fall in profusion masses of reddish-gold hair—is inferior to much that was due to his earlier inspiration, to that which is at the Luxembourg and to that

which is at Dijon. But it preserves, at all events in its treatment of the form, that calmness and refinement of temper which are the note of the artist in such things. M. Mercie's much-vaunted "Vénus" on the other hand, though it has precisely the quality of accurate modelling which we have claim to expect from a painter long famous as a sculptor, hardly rises beyond the rank of a brilliant Academical study. It is accurate and gross. The figure as rendered by M. Mercie is nature unassisted and unfortunate. As rendered by M. Henner, it is a more refined nature presented more acceptably with the distinctions and the added grace of art.

FREDERICK WEDMORE.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

MESSRS. BENTLEY will publish immediately a little volume entitled *The Pictures of the Season*, consisting of the reviews contributed to the *Standard* by Mr. Wedmore of the Royal Academy, the Grosvenor Gallery, and the two water-colour exhibitions.

MR. LOUIS FAGAN is preparing a work on the Art of Michelangelo as illustrated by the various collections in the British Museum. Messrs. Dulau and Co. will be the publishers. The various departments of the British Museum—Prints and Drawings, Coins and Medals, Manuscripts and Printed Books—afford much material of which Mr. Fagan may be expected to make interesting use. The edition of his book will be limited to 300 copies.

MR. JOHN HENRY PARKER, C.B., Hon. M.A. Oxon., Keeper of the Ashmolean, has just presented to the museum 500 drawings of ancient Rome, chiefly by Prof. Cicconetti, who was for many years teacher of drawing to the Pope's Technical School in the Via Ripetta, and is acknowledged to be one of the best architectural draughtsmen in Rome. The points of view were at first generally selected by Mr. Parker; but, since he has been obliged to leave Rome, he could thoroughly rely on the experience of the Professor, who has lately adopted the plan of making bird's-eye views of the principal objects, together with plans and sections to explain them clearly to those who are unable to go to Rome to see them. Mr. Parker had previously presented to the museum 3,400 photographs which he had collected during the fifteen seasons that he was in Rome. Of the photographs he has printed a catalogue, and of the drawings he is now making one. He has just arranged a selection of the drawings on the walls of the upper room of the Ashmolean, and of the photographs on screens in the same room.

THE annual meeting of the National Society for Preserving the Memorials of the Dead will be held on Thursday next, June 7, at 3.30 p.m., in the large hall of the Society of Arts. Among those whose presence is expected are the Bishop of Winchester, the Earls of Carnarvon and Shaftesbury, Mr. Beresford-Hope, Mr. Stanley Leighton, Mr. Henry H. Gibbs, and Archdeacon Harrison.

MR. ARTHUR LUCAS has now on view, in his gallery in New Bond Street, the original drawings by Mr. MacWhirter of "The Lady of the Woods" and "The Lord of the Glen," and also Mr. Alfred Dixon's picture of "A Stowaway."

STRAWBERRY HILL is to be put up for sale on June 15 by Messrs. Ventom, Bull and Cooper at the Mart in Tokenhouse Yard. It is to be hoped that this celebrated residence of Horace Walpole will fall into good hands. To say nothing of its literary and social associations, from the time of Colley Cibber to Frances Countess Waldegrave, it has no little interest in the history of architecture. Horace Walpole's "Gothic" was at least a sincere attempt to

revive Gothic architecture in England by testing its suitability to domestic purposes, and it has done good service. Although he had a strange fancy for copying his mantel-pieces from tombs, and was not careful of "purity" in style, there is much to admire in the elaborate mixture; and we should be sorry to learn that the Beauclerk tower or the famous gallery was to be cleared away to make room even for another Bedford Park.

THE Duke of Marlborough's fine collection of Limoges enamels from Blenheim Palace is to be sold by Messrs. Christie on June 14. The total number is about eighty pieces.

THE picture of "Apollo and Marsyas," now accepted as a Raphael, has been bought for the Louvre. This picture was in the Duroveray Collection, and was sold at Christie's in 1850. It has been attributed to Mantegna, Francia, Francia-bigio, and others. A drawing for it by Raphael belongs to the Academy of Fine Arts at Venice. It formed the subject of an article by M. Gruyer in the *Gazette des Beaux-Arts* in 1859. Its last possessor was Mr. Moore, of Rome, from whom it has been purchased for £8,000.

AN exhibition entirely devoted to J.-J. Rousseau will be opened in Paris on June 8. It will comprise portraits, pictures, drawings, and engravings in illustration of Rousseau's works, and medals, bronzes, MSS., and objects of all kinds which are of interest in connexion with the author of *La nouvelle Héloïse*.

AN interesting exhibition will be held at Laon (Aisne) in July. It will consist entirely of works by deceased artists born in the Laonnais. Among its special features will be the paintings of the brothers Le Nain, the medals of Dupré, and Sinceny *faïence*.

MUSIC.

BERLIOZ' "MESSE DES MORTS" AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

IN 1836 Berlioz received from M. de Gasparin, French Minister of the Interior, a commission to write a Requiem. For this he was to be paid out of the funds of the Department of the Beaux-Arts the sum of 3,000 frs., and the work was to be performed at the annual ceremony held in memory of the victims of the Revolution of 1830. How, at the last moment, the French Government decided that the service should be held without music; how the Requiem came to be performed, on December 5, 1837, at the Church of the Invalides in memory of Gen. Damremout and the French officers and soldiers who perished under the walls of Constantine; how the work was conducted by Habeneck, and how it affected the audience—all this cannot here be described. For details of the most interesting and even sensational kind we refer our readers to Berlioz' *Mémoires*, and to a remarkable letter dated December 17, 1837, addressed to his intimate and life-long friend, M. Humbert Ferrand. The Mass was performed in France, Russia, and Germany during the composer's lifetime; and it was revived at Paris on Good Friday 1878 by M. Colonne. Mr. Manns deserves the thanks of all musicians for giving for the first time in England a composition of which its author said: "If I were threatened with the destruction of the whole of my works save one, I would crave mercy for the 'Messe des Morts.'" On another of his works he set, indeed, high value; and perhaps one day Mr. Manns will complete the list of his Berlioz successes with this one—the "Te Deum" for three choirs, orchestra, and organ (op. 22). Of the *finale* ("Judex crederis") Berlioz says: "It is without doubt my grandest production;" and, again, speaking of this movement in a letter to his son Louis, dated Paris, April 27, 1855, he writes: "I

verily believe it is grander than the 'Tuba Mirum' of my Requiem."

The first section of the Mass is the "Requiem" and "Kyrie." The broad opening theme to the words "Requiem aeternam," which is heard with such marked persistency throughout the movement, the detached notes forming the counter-theme, the curious harmonic progressions to the words "Et lux perpetua," the delicate closing bars—these and other passages are solemn and effective; but, as a whole, the movement is not particularly striking. It is followed by the "Dies Irae." The fine old Latin hymn has been many times set to music; and, to say nothing of the settings by Italian masters, Berlioz had to risk comparison with the celebrated names of Gossec, Mozart, and Cherubini. He, however, has produced a movement vast in conception and entirely original in manner. The *cantus firmus* of his "Dies Irae" is written in an old ecclesiastical mode; it is gradually worked up with other themes until the words announcing the appearance of the Judge of all mankind. Hitherto, the orchestra used has consisted only of strings, wood-wind, and horns; but the composer now introduces a combination of extraordinary daring and of overwhelming effect. The terrors of the Last Judgment are depicted by means of four small orchestras of brass instruments, placed at the four corners of the platform to represent the angels summoning the dead from the graves; and by an array of drums (sixteen kettledrums, played by ten drummers) like unto "the voice of a great thunder." The effect of the blast of trumpets, trombones, tubas, and ophicleides is massive; and terrifying is the long roll of drums, all tuned to different notes, and the crashing chords of the brass as the bass voices announce the coming Judgment. At the words "Mors stupebit" the din ceases; a low muttering of the basses is heard. But at the mention of the "book of life" the dreadful sounds are renewed with increased vigour till nearly the close of the movement. From a musical point of view, this "Dies Irae" may not be particularly strong; but it is a marvellous piece of tone-painting, and the orchestration is as striking as it is original. The next number, "Quid sum miser," is short and very quiet. Fragments of the *cantus firmus* are heard; the only instruments used are the English horns, bassoons, cellos, and basses. We now come to No. 4, the "Bex tremende," and the whole of the imposing force employed in the "Dies Irae" is again brought into play. The music is patchy, but there are moments of great beauty and strength. The phrase for the violins at the words "qui salvandos" reminds one of the Redeemer theme in Gounod's "Redemption." No. 5, "Quaerens Me" for unaccompanied choir, is a pleasing, though not remarkable, movement. Owing to the difficulty of the parts the voices were supported by the organ. It may be here mentioned that, although no organ part has been written by the composer in his score, the instrument was used at the Palace performance to help the voices and to strengthen one or two of the *forte* passages in the work. No. 6, the celebrated "Lachrymosa," is, in our opinion, the grandest portion of the Requiem. Berlioz has told us how his "head seemed ready to burst with the strain of the thoughts which welled up within it." In fact, finding it impossible to write quickly enough, he had recourse, especially in writing this movement, to a system of short-hand, which was, he tells us, of great assistance to him. We cannot attempt even a short analysis of this "Lachrymosa," but will quote a sentence of Berlioz which refers to his style in general, but well describes this particular part of the Mass. "The dominant qualities of my music," he says, "are passionate expression, inward ardour, rhythmic animation, and the unexpected." In the

concluding portion of the movement he has depicted with terrible earnestness the cries of mourning at the Day of Wrath. Next comes the offertorium, "Domine Jesu Christe." In the programme-book, which contained an interesting account of the Mass from the pen of Mr. O. A. Barry, this movement is entitled a "chorus of souls in Purgatory." From the sense of the words, it would seem to us, however, more fitting to call it a prayer for the souls in Purgatory. The reiterated wail of the voices on a phrase of two notes is singularly impressive, while the polyphonic treatment of the instruments, to say nothing of the magnificent orchestration, is masterly indeed. This was the movement which so impressed Schumann when he heard it performed at Leipzig. The ecclesiastical style of the "Hostias" reminds us that the Mass was written for a funeral service in a church; there are, indeed, many passages and cadences which lose somewhat of their meaning in a concert performance. And, again, in judging of the effect of the whole work, it must not be forgotten that the various movements formed part of a service, and were not given in immediate succession as at the Crystal Palace. The "Hostias" contains some curious effects with flutes and trombones. The low notes of the latter instruments are called pedal-notes, and were declared unplayable when Berlioz first rehearsed the work in Paris. The "Sanctus" is extremely fine. It is for tenor solo and chorus. The voices are accompanied by four solo violins and one flute, supported by a tremolo of divided violas; and the quality of sound is most ethereal. From time to time the cymbals and big drum are struck with quaint effect. The "Hosanna" is treated in fugued style; and Berlioz shows us that, although he affected to dislike this form of composition, he could make good use of it. The last movement, "Agnus Dei," contains much of the music heard in the previous sections. The *coda* to the word "Amen" is worthy of notice. The trombones and drums which had been employed in the earlier part of the Requiem for loud and imposing effects now utter subdued and solemn sounds; this is, indeed, only one of the many striking points of contrast to be found throughout the Mass.

In conclusion, we must express a hope that the work will again be heard at the Palace. The performance (taking into consideration the difficulties of the instrumental music, the uncomfortable writing for the voices, and the impossibility of having a sufficient number of rehearsals) was very good; and Mr. Manns deserves great praise for the care and efficiency with which he prepared and conducted the work. The audience was not a large one; but all seemed deeply impressed with this fresh revelation of Berlioz' genius.

J. S. SHEDLOCK.

THE PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

At the sixth and last concert of the Philharmonic Society, on Wednesday, May 30, the programme included two movements from the first part of Liszt's "Christus." This Oratorio, considered by some its composer's masterpiece, was performed for the first time, under Liszt's direction, at Weimar, on May 29, 1873. The first extract given last Wednesday was the "Pastoral" and the "Angel's Message." The "Pastoral" consists of several themes which are heard again and again by the wood-wind, until the effect becomes most wearisome, not to say ridiculous. The principal theme is taken from the fugue theme of the introduction of the work, which is really the commencement of an old Easter hymn. A soprano solo (Miss Gwynne) in the Mixo-lydian mode announces the birth of the Saviour. The chorus then sing "Alleluia," &c., in anything but joyful

strains. The "March of the Holy Kings," the second extract, is dull and dreary in the extreme. The trio of the "March" is intended to depict the "star in the east." The 9th verse of the 2nd chapter of Matthew is written in the score; otherwise, the composer's meaning might easily be mistaken. The "Christus" is intended for performance in a church, and is not suitable for the concert-room. But, if we may venture to form an opinion of the work from the two extracts given, we fancy that no one hearing it once would care to listen to it again. On Wednesday evening the first piece was received in silence, and, after the "March," loud hisses were mingled with scanty applause. A debt of gratitude, however, is owing to the Philharmonic Society for having shown us a specimen of this "Christus" music; it will surely serve as a warning to all other societies not to attempt a performance of the whole work if the rest of the music is not more interesting than the "Pastoral" and "March."

Mdme. Sophie Menter gave a magnificent rendering of Liszt's so-called Concerto in E flat. Mdme. Sembrich and Mr. Santley were the vocalists. Beethoven's Symphony in C minor was also performed; in the last movement a bass tuba was used in place of the contra-fagotto. The concert was conducted by Mr. Cusins.

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